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For All Girls—Published by Girl Scouts

JUNE

1932



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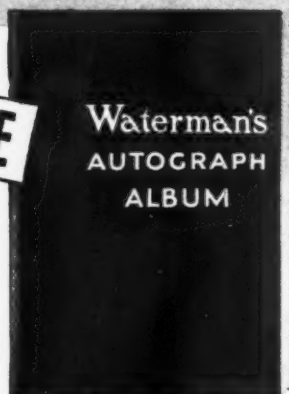
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Along the Editor's Trail

I SAW them come aboard at Liverpool—six of the most attractive girls I had looked at in all the weeks I had been in England and France. Fresh skins, sparkling eyes and lithe bodies; simple clothes worn with an air that would have delighted a French couturière; well-groomed hair, well-shod feet—everything, in fact, to cause me to murmur to my companion:

"Americans! Aren't they a charming group?" There was pride in my voice. "After all, our girls are—"

But I never finished my remark, which was perhaps just as well, for it was going to be one of those boastful generalizations that are so often better left unsaid. I was interrupted by an ear-splitting cackling—I can't think of a better word—as the girls came up the gangplank, a sound beside which all the noises attendant on the ship's departure—the banging of baggage, the shouted goodbyes, the clank of chains—seemed almost restful. And the cackling came from the lips of several of the six "charming" girls! They were laughing and talking in voices that were unpleasant enough to cause several people to turn and see where the disagreeable noise was coming from.

"It's too bad," said my companion drily, "that they don't spend as much time cultivating pleasant voices as they do selecting becoming clothes."

All the way across the Atlantic we heard those voices—on the deck, in the dining saloon, in the lounge and on the dance floor. I began to understand why the chaperon had such a strained, harassed look in her eyes. It wasn't because she was worn out piloting her charges through Europe; it was because their voices, day after day, had rasped her nerves, just as the squeaking noise of chalk on a blackboard used to send a shiver up my spine when I was at school.

When I got home, I listened carefully to voices in buses and street cars and restaurants. I wanted



so much to prove to myself that the six girls on the ship were not representative. But, although I believe I never heard voices quite as bad as theirs, I was shocked at times at the sounds that issued from lovely lips.

"It's from talking above the roar of the subway," someone tried to explain. But that can't be entirely so, because many of the offenders are from small

cities where there is little noise. I was beginning to think that I was exaggerating the number of ugly voices I had heard. "Perhaps," I said, "I am expecting too much; perhaps the carelessness of a few has magnified itself in my mind into a universal fault."

Then, just a few days ago, I picked up *The Saturday Review of Literature*—and behold! the leading editorial commented on the prevalence of rasping speaking voices among girls and young women. And it went on to say:

"... There is no worse advertisement than bad speaking. It is like the scent of the fox; the bearer cannot escape from it; all the neighborhood is aware. Character, temperament, personality are elusive and hard to come at; clothes tell the story quickly, though only a part of it; but the voice, that most characteristic of all human attributes, seems to be the essential person himself, shedding the husk of bought adornments, telling as much of the truth as can be told in a brief contact, saying far more than the words. Let her spend her mornings at the beautifiers, her afternoons at the dressmakers, and still one word will betray her. ... It takes a more than passable beauty to make up for squawks and shrillings. ... It is the voice which denotes, more sharply and on the whole more accurately than anything else, a cultural classification, and distinguishes the golden from the gilded."

It's about time that voices were given a little grooming as well as hair and skin and finger nails.

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MARGARET MOCHRIE, Editor
PAULINE STEINBERG, Managing Editor

THE AMERICAN GIRL

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"Have we everything?"

No matter how carefully we check there is always something forgotten. Such obvious things as uniforms, poncho, bathing suit, sweater and other clothing accessories are easily remembered. So are the axe, camera, and toilet kit.

But have you included signalling flags, a guide rope, sewing kit and water-proof match box? Don't let the lack of some such accessory spoil your vacation. Check over your list and cross-check with the catalog. Be sure that you are prepared for anything and everything.

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OUR April number, about which we are just hearing from you, seems from your letters to have been the most popular one in several months. The cover, especially, pleased you, judging from your letters. Betty Bolton of Westport, Connecticut says, "I must write and tell you how much I enjoyed the April AMERICAN GIRL. It arrived this morning and I have already read it from front to back. To begin with, the cover design was just right. I think Revere Wistehuff is the best of all the illustrators whose work appears in the magazine."

MY OLDEST sister says that Wistehuff's drawings are a sight for sore eyes, after looking at some of the monstrosities used to embellish some magazines," writes Virginia Mouglin of Detroit, Michigan. Harriet Butler of Earlville, Illinois says she thinks the April cover was the best yet. "The girl pictured is extremely pretty," Harriet says, "and the dog is cute, too." Betty Fortney of Suffern, New York writes, "Revere Wistehuff's cover design for April was awfully cute. It's so full of life."

PATSY has been the reason for most of our letters this month. She is still meeting with a great deal of approval. "I just love to read those flying stories about Patsy, and I hope some more will be published," says Margaret Todd of Northfield, Minnesota. "Patsy Cracks a 'Chute was simply wonderful," says Beverly Hawley of Rochester, New York. "I know that almost all my friends who take THE AMERICAN GIRL are most delighted if there is a story written by Dorothy Verrill."

ENOLA MAY KITTS of North Kenova, Ohio writes that she has been taking THE AMERICAN GIRL for a year and a half and that she enjoys it thoroughly. "Best of all, I like the Patsy stories," she says. "I simply had to write to tell you how I loved Patsy Cracks a 'Chute," says Constance McCready of Baltimore, Maryland. "I guess I needn't tell you that I hope we have more Patsy stories. I think they're keen."

ON the opposite side of the fence is Mary Denslow of Bellevue, Pennsylvania who writes, "I do think those stories about Patsy a little far fetched. She isn't an everyday girl. She's too perfect in some ways, and in other ways too childish. I do like Jo Ann, though. I think she is just the best sort of person I have ever read about. She's normal, she's not silly, she's just right. I wish you had a story about her in every issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL. I like the illustrations, too. They portray her just as I think she is, right down to her very expressions!"

Well, of All Things!

APPARENTLY lots of others feel the same way about Jo Ann. Elinor Mack of Martins Ferry, Ohio writes, "My first Jo Ann story came in the April issue, since I am a new subscriber. Jo Ann and her associates are the sort of people I like, and the way in which the story is written makes me like them even better." "Jo Ann Cleans House was grand," says Anne Bowden of Silver City, New Mexico. "I've laughed every time I've thought about it. All the Jo Ann stories are written so that you just can't resist the spirit of them." Mary Alice Lord of East Orange, New Jersey didn't think the last Jo Ann story was as hilarious as those stories usually are. And Phyllis H. Cary of Corning, New York writes, "For the first time I wasn't satisfied with the Jo Ann story. Some way or other, I do wish they hadn't quarreled about who threw the other out first."

PRISCILLA WOLCOTT of Janesville, Wisconsin says, "I was ever so glad to see another Jo Ann story, because I think they're just great. There certainly isn't a thing wrong with THE AMERICAN GIRL, and I am looking forward to the next issue with utmost anticipation, although I know it will be a long, long month before the postman brings it around again." Mary Jane Olcott of St. Croix Falls, Wisconsin writes that she loves the Jo Ann stories and hopes we'll have lots more of them. Mary Jane thought Jo Ann Cleans House was awfully funny.

LOTS of you have written to us about the Who's Who in This Issue page. Patricia Costello of Uvalde, Texas writes, "Why do you want to take the puzzle page out? Although probably no one praises it, I surely enjoy it and miss it very much when you omit it." "I don't like the idea of having the puzzles only every other month," says Barbara Stebbins of Rochester, New York. "They're one of the most interesting parts of the magazine." Esther Chappell of Fremont, New Hampshire says, "I think the Who's Who page is simply scrumptious. I always like to know about authors and I

would rather have that than the puzzle page, although I do like the puzzles, of course."

Audrey Weller of East Orange, New Jersey says she is disappointed that we have the puzzles only alternate months instead of monthly. "I love to work the answers to them," Audrey says, "and now it seems so hard to have to wait two months for the answers." Ruth Yarrow of Brooklyn writes, "The feature I enjoy most in THE AMERICAN GIRL is our puzzle page and when it was omitted in the March issue I was very disappointed and couldn't wait until the April issue to see if it would appear again. Thank goodness it has!" Maxine Forte of Yardley, Pennsylvania says she thinks it is perfectly all right to do away with that page.

THIS month's Mary Ellen story deserves to be placed at the head of the list," says Camille Romig of Minneapolis. "It was so helpful, and was screamingly funny. One of my friends laughed out loud in study period when she found out Mary Ellen made a hole in one from the wrong tee." Esther Theuer of Cleveland, Ohio says that the only stories she isn't so keen on are the Mary Ellen stories, and she thinks maybe that if she were inclined to do the things Mary Ellen does she might like the stories better, which sounds reasonable enough. Anna Alexander of Bastrop, Texas says she feels as though she could tap dance and play golf right away, after reading about how Mary Ellen did.

ALMOST all of you liked the Send-and-Fotch Book, in the April issue. Margaret Calbeck of Joplin, Missouri says: "I won't be satisfied until I have told you how delightful I found The Send-and-Fotch Book. It is so refreshingly different that I shall enjoy reading it over and over again." Jean Sory of Charlotte, North Carolina says, "I just want to write and let you know how much I enjoyed Esther Greenacre Hall's story. That is just the type of story I like. I certainly hope we have more stories by the same author soon. I wish you could put her picture on the Who's Who page." Velma Wood of Cohasset, Minnesota thought that story was very real and interesting.

"I liked The Send-and-Fotch Book awfully well, especially the ending," writes Betty Neyman of Washington, D. C. "I was afraid someone would give her the money for the dress or that she would find it, but it turned out just fine."

EDITOR'S NOTE: We want to explain that we cannot supply addresses of contributors to this page. It is against our policy to give out addresses of any of our readers, authors or artists.



Etching by Martin Hardie

DAISIES

BLISS CARMAN

OVER the shoulders and slopes of the dune
I saw the white daisies go down to the sea,
A host in the sunshine, an army in June,
The people God sends us to set our hearts free.

The bobolinks rallied them up from the dell,
The orioles whistled them out of the wood;
And all of their singing was, "Earth, it is well!"
And all of their dancing was, "Life, thou art good!"

From "Songs from Vagabondia"
By Bliss Carman, published by
Dodd, Mead and Company,
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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

JUNE • 1932

The Famous Friend

By MABEL CLELAND

Illustrations by
Robb Beebe

TOMORROW afternoon at this time Clotilde will be here," Nancy Reynolds said with a sigh of utter content.

"The one and only Clotilde," her brother John added, half teasingly, half seriously.

"The one and only Clotilde," Nancy repeated.

Nancy and her brother were with a group of young people who were gathered on the porch of the Allenwood Country Club. The tinkling sound of ice in tall glasses made a pleasant accompaniment to the sound of the young voices. Nancy had dropped down on a pile of cushions on the top step and was resting her head against her father's gray tweed-covered knee.

"I know you all think I'm terribly silly to rave on about Clotilde this way," Nancy went on. "But I don't care. Wait until you see her. You'll like her as much as I do."

"Oh, Heaven give me strength to withstand her charms!" John said with such a funny expression on his long freckled face that the boys and girls laughed appreciatively. "I've never heard of such a paragon of virtue! Ever since Nancy got back from France it has been Clotilde this and Clotilde that until I can't stand the sound of her name."

"Who is she anyway?" one of the boys demanded.

"What!" John cried in mock distress and surprise. "You don't know who Clo-



CLOTILDE HEARD NANCY'S EXCITED VOICE ASKING BABS FOR DINNER

tilde Bercault is? You've never heard of Clotilde Bercault? It can't be true!"

The other boy laughed. "I've never heard of her until this afternoon. Who is she? And what is she? A famous dancer or writer or something?"

"No—no—no—" John went on in his mocking voice. "But, yes, she is a famous friend! My sister Nancy's famous friend."

"I'll tell you about Clotilde Bercault," Nancy said. "You got home from college only yesterday, that's why you haven't heard me rave, as John calls it, about her. When I went to France last fall I met her at the school Father and Mother discovered when they were abroad last summer."

"It really was a grand school, an old château filled with romance and what have you. And simply teeming with girls. But," she continued, "I was horribly homesick. I went in after the term began and that's always hard. Everybody else knew each other and by the time I arrived they had formed their particular groups and I was left to mope around by myself."

"An outcast in Paris—" John said *sotto voce*.

"That's exactly the way I felt," Nancy said, nodding her head. "Well, the day the new swimming pool was to be opened I went with the others to have our first swim. Of course, everyone piled in and shouted and splashed and ducked each other. That is, everybody but me. I went and

sat by myself on the edge of the deepest part and thought I would die of homesickness. Then Clotilde came along and pushed me in. And that, as some cartoonist would say, was the beginning of a beautiful friendship!"

"Suppose you hadn't been able to swim?" Barbara Kennymore said. Barbara was certainly the prettiest girl in the crowd. Tall, slender, gray-eyed, she could wear anything and look as if she had paid a million dollars for it. Some of the girls were jealous of her but Nancy, who didn't have a jealous bone in her body, adored her and was vastly flattered because Barbara had picked her out to be her special friend that summer. Nancy's good looks were of a decided contrast to Barbara's. Nancy was small and red-haired with immense blue eyes. She, too, wore her clothes very well and had brought a perfect trousseau home from Paris with her.

When Barbara spoke, Nancy looked at her with a little laugh of apology.

"But, Babs, I wouldn't have been sitting near the deep end if I hadn't known how to swim!"

"I can't help thinking it was a dangerous thing to do—a thoughtless thing," Barbara said coolly.

Nancy flushed. She was loyal to Clotilde, but she liked Babs, too.

One of the girls leaned closer to the girl by her side.

"Listen to the cat, spiking Clotilde's guns before she gets here!" she whispered. "Dear, sweet, thoughtful Babs! She wouldn't push anyone into a nasty deep pool—oh, no!"

"From that time on," Nancy went on, "Clotilde and I were inseparable. She's a darling. You wait and see. And she's so clever. She specialized in French history because that's what she wants to teach. That and English. She's coming over to perfect herself in English. I told her aunt, who owns the school, how marvelous it would be for Clotilde to visit me. Her people are dead and she will have to teach to support herself, and Madame Clare is educating her and training her to fill a place in her school. Clotilde hates the idea, but there isn't anything else she can do."

"I should think that there would be a hundred things she could do if she is as clever as you say," Barbara said shortly.

"But the position in her aunt's school is a sure thing. And she really is clever, Babs. You can't ask her a thing about French history that she isn't able to tell you," Nancy ended enthusiastically. She wanted her friends to like Clotilde.

Mr. Reynolds put his hand on his daughter's shoulder.

"Time to go home now, and dress for dinner."

Nancy got to her feet and smoothed her yellow skirt and pulled her brown flannel jacket into place.

"Coming, Babs?" she said. "We can drop you at your house. Dad has his car here."

Babs went with the Reynoldses, and the two girls got into the back of the car while John climbed in in front with his father.

"If Clotilde is poor, how did she raise the money to come over here?" Babs asked with interest.

"Her aunt sold an emerald ring to raise the money for Clotilde's fare," Nancy said. "It had been in the Bercault family for generations and it was about the last good piece of jewelry they owned. Madame charges a lot for tuition at her school but it costs a great deal to run a place like that and she is always just a little behind."

"Of course, you know I won't tell anyone," Babs said. "Clotilde probably wouldn't want anyone to know."

"Why, I don't think she'd mind if I told the world!" Nancy said in surprise. "Clotilde doesn't mind being poor. You see, she is so sure of her family and her background that she doesn't have to mind being poor. I suppose it's like that if you know you're descended from nobility—"

"Just the same, she wouldn't want the country club crowd

to know," Babs said with a wise nod. "And I won't tell."

They had stopped before her house and John had jumped out and opened the door for her.

"It's all thrillingly interesting," she said, "and I am dying to meet Clotilde."

"Come over tomorrow afternoon then," Nancy said. "I'm going up to town to meet her, but we'll be back by four."

"I'd love it," Babs said.

Babs arrived a little before four the following afternoon. The porch of the Reynolds house was deep in shadows and cool and attractive looking after the glare of the sun outside.

Nancy ran forward to meet her friend with outstretched hands.

"Oh, Babs, she's here!" Nancy cried excitedly. She took Babs by the hand and led her to a corner of the porch where a girl was sitting in a deep green wicker chair. "Clotilde, this is Babs," she said.

The girl in the chair and the tall girl, who was still standing, smiled at each other, the French girl rather shyly.

"ENJOY YOURSELVES THIS FIRST DAY," JOHN SAID PRACTICALLY.



"It is good to meet you," Clotilde said in a sweet voice. There was an attractive little accent about it that was intriguing. "I have already heard much about you from Nancy."

"And I have heard a lot about you," Babs said, dropping down into a chair next to Clotilde's which Nancy had pushed forward. Clotilde smiled again, then went back to the conversation which she had been having with Nancy before Babs' arrival.

"I must speak the English all the time," she said in her delightfully accented voice. "Never, never must I break over into the French. It will be difficult at first to remember."

"And I suppose I should always speak French when I'm with you," Nancy said a little ruefully.

"Enjoy yourselves this first day," John said practically. "You can jabber to each other in Chinese tomorrow, if you want to."

Nancy and Babs laughed, but Clotilde looked at John and said seriously, "I cannot waste a minute of my time here. It would be careless and sinful. My aunt had to sell

a ring to raise the money for my trip. It was the last old piece of jewelry that we owned. I cannot waste that precious money. You must see that."

Babs and John exchanged surprised looks. This utter frankness about one's personal affairs was something new. For a moment no one spoke.

Babs took this time to look more closely at Clotilde. Her first impression had been of immense dark eyes in a thin little white face. She turned half around in her chair and looked at the French girl. Clotilde was petite; everything about her was small. Her hands seemed scarcely larger than a child's hands, her feet encased in low-heeled, black strap slippers were like a child's, too. Her black hair was straight and she wore it parted on the side and rolled in braided "buns" over her ears. And Babs got the surprise of her life when she saw what Clotilde was wearing. From all that Nancy had told her about the French girl she had built up a picture of her in her own mind that in no way resembled the real girl. She had fully expected Clotilde to have the *chic* of a French woman. Instead she saw a dowdily dressed little girl (Continued on page 33)

"YOU CAN JABBER TO EACH OTHER IN CHINESE TOMORROW, IF YOU WANT TO." NANCY AND BABS LAUGHED BUT CLOTILDE LOOKED SERIOUS





Photographs on these pages by Morris Rosenfeld, New York, N. Y.

THEY LOVE SAILING AND THINK THAT NOTHING CONNECTED WITH IT IS WORK, EVEN TO HANDLING ROPES AND WORKING A BILGE PUMP

Ship A-hoydens!

LARCHMONT, NEW YORK,
JULY 22—Future
greats of Long Island

By CHARLES GEOFFREY MULLER

yachting magazines more
and more tell the thrilling
story of feminine sailors

Sound and perhaps of trans-Atlantic racing spiritedly put forth under canvas today in the Larchmont Yacht Club's sixth annual junior regatta. Boys and girls under eighteen years old were captains, mates and foremast hands bold, in craft lent by yachtsmen of the various Sound clubs.

The fleet numbered eighty-three boats. Girls formed one-quarter of the participants. Some boats had no boys in them. "Luff her up, Lucy!" could be heard on almost every hand. . . .

GREENWICH, CONNECTICUT, AUGUST 3—The junior cruise of the Indian Harbor Yacht Club got under way today when seven boats started for a five day cruise at twelve o'clock noon. Among the Atlantic one-design boats were the Misses Gladys and Marion Rungee's *Glamor* and Miss Louise Kunhardt's *Playtoy*.

STAMFORD, CONNECTICUT, AUGUST 25—Led by Miss Lorna Whittlesey, the Indian Harbor Yacht Club crew of Greenwich today captured the first races in the series off the Stamford Yacht Club to select the women's team to compete at Cohasset, Massachusetts, for the Mrs. Charles Francis Adams Cup. . . .

Thus, from the beginning of the summer to the end, New York newspapers chronicle the doings of the girl skippers of Long Island Sound. Similarly—at Edgartown, along the Massachusetts coast, on the south shore of Long Island, on the New Jersey coast, in the Gulf of Mexico, up and down the Pacific, and along the Great Lakes—newspapers and

whose yachts weekly bring home more and more prizes won in competition against boys their own age and against men who have been sailing yachts and other craft for years. For girls are taking to the water with more avidity than ducks.

How successfully they are competing in this real sport of kings is amply evidenced in the Sunday picture sections by such captions as "Miss Elizabeth Hovey at the Wheel of *Istalena*, Which Won the Class M Event" or "A Girl Skipper Takes the Tiller" under photographs of scudding white yachts whose tall sails glisten in the summer sun while salt spray splashes over decks heeled far into blue water. For in yacht racing, girls have found a sport that puts them on a par with any boy.

Strength alone does not count in racing boats. It is fine judgment of speed and distance, coolness in tight places with a dozen boats jamming around a great iron buoy, perseverance in seeking out the best run of tide and the strongest puffs of a fickle wind, and ability to coordinate the efforts of a crew in trimming sails to the best of their drawing power, that make the winning skipper. Girls have all these attributes as highly developed as boys, which truth so outstanding a sailor as Lorna Whittlesey completely proves. For this girl of nineteen has won prize after prize, has defeated the best male skippers Long Island Sound can boast, and has taken the tiller on almost everything that sails, from tiny Wee Scots to the large twelve-meter racing machines.

What Miss Whittelsey has done, hundreds of other girls are well on their way to doing, and all by essentially the same means. For learning to sail and learning to race require first a love of water. With that love ingrained, real sailing ability grows in just one way—by practice.

A large number of boys who today race their yachts in all parts of the world got their love of sailing from rigging a sheet on a pole and putting to sea in the family rowboat. One of Bermuda's most ardent sailors did not have even a sheet. So he and his crew washed out some flour bags, cut them into cloths, and sewed these together for a sail. Girls, however, usually are luckier than boys at the start, for their families generally see to it that young daughter learns to sail in a real sailboat.

Wrapped in life belts, the youngsters crew for their parents until they know the rudiments. Then they find themselves owners of one of the many small design boats that are to be found wherever you see sails. Day after day they go out on the water. They start impromptu races. They win and they lose. The club holds a special race. They enter, and try their skill against boys and older skippers. Then they begin going into regattas. Finally, they graduate into larger and larger boats until, like Edith and Helen Wills, they are sailing their own Inter-Clubs and bringing home trophies to decorate the family living-room or the lounge of the yacht club.

All of these outstanding skippers have gone through the same training.

To see them steering their slim craft through a maze of crisscrossing yachts, to see them maneuver for the starting line and go over at the very crack of the gun, to see them race neck and neck for the finish to nose out a rival by a foot or a second—you would think these girls in brilliant blue or green or yellow or red overalls must have had special help to be able to sail as they do. But they have not. They have done just what any girl can do, what the girls at my own yacht club now are doing.

There is Lorraine Diaz, for example. Her father knows sailing from the keel up. Late last fall he bought Lorraine



OVERALLS AND RUBBER-SOLED SHOES GIVE FREEDOM ON DECK

a Wee Scot, rigged it for her, and took her out with him to get the feel of the boat and to learn the vagaries of wind and water.

This spring no boatman is putting Lorraine's boat into shape for her. Instead, she herself is getting *Orca* ready from stem to stern. She is sandpapering hull and decks, painting the bottom with non-fouling green, varnishing spars, replacing worn halyards, and seeing that the chain and rope on her fifty pound mushroom mooring anchor are in condition to withstand the rigors of barnacles during a summer in the water.

Having learned all there is to know about the little yacht through doing all her own hard work and having learned to love the boat as other people learn to be fond of their dogs and horses, Lorraine will spend the summer doing what Mary Rose Armstrong has been doing for the past two years.

This slim, blond girl sailed her first Sunday races at the Riverside Yacht Club as crew for her brother. Then she took *Traumerei* for her own, sailing around the harbor every chance she had to be on the water. When one of the boys came along in his boat and gave her a chance to try her speed, she took the chance. For a year, in the regular races, she placed near the bottom of the fleet, with now and again a lucky break that brought her up near the top. Mostly, however, she trailed. But each time she learned something new about how to trim her jib or how to round a marker or what to do when another boat began to pick up on her from behind.

Sometimes with her small wire-haired terrier for crew, sometimes alone, she joined in every race—good weather or foul. Bailing with one hand and steering with the other, more than once she went around the course to finish soaked to the skin and cold from the wind. But each race brought a new experience, and last season the total of these experiences began to show.

Her *Traumerei*, instead of finishing down among the tail-enders, began to finish third (Continued on page 31)



TALL SAILS GLISTEN WHILE SALT SPRAY SPLASHES OVER DECKS



BENDER, don't be a pest!" Donna exclaimed severely, turning her back on the grinning Airedale and placing her open book on the opposite arm of the porch chair in which she sat.

Instead of taking the snub, the irrepressible terrier chose to consider this admonition as a compliment. Picking up his tennis ball he tried in vain to push it into Donna's lap, then pranced around the chair and sat up, directly in front of her, his forepaws dangling, his zestful brown eyes brimming with anticipation.

Donna gave him one weary glance from under the hand shading her eyes, then bent lower over her book.

"Aw, please!" Bender whined.

When she took no notice of him he would have barked, had not the ball been wedged firmly between his gleaming rows of teeth. He would have liked to voice his opinion of people who were spoil sports and tired of games just as they were getting interesting. Why, Donna and Flo, over there on the swing couch, had not been throwing the ball for more than an hour, yet here they were going sour on him. One fleeting hour! They were getting as bad as Fuzz, that languid poodle down the street. Anyone with any spirit at all could be happy for days chasing a ball which bounded over the lawn like a live thing.

"Just once more," Bender entreated in his most compelling whine.

Donna ignored him. He eyed her sternly, then gave what he thought was a sniff of disgust—but which had all the vehemence of a snort—and trotted to the end of the veranda where he halted beside the swing couch.

But at that moment Flo had reached a very important part in the letter she was writing. The phrase she wanted must have just the right shading and, with pen poised, she stared fixedly at the ceiling.

Foiled by her intent look the young Airedale sprang back and looked up eagerly. Anyone who gazed like that must have caught sight of at least a cat, and a good sized one, like that Cleo creature who lived a few doors away. He dropped his ball and it rolled quietly under the rail and dropped with a soft "plup" into the shrubbery below.

Having looked to right and left above him, Bender whirled and glared accusingly at Flo. Then, to cover his humiliation at being so easily fooled, he gave vent to a derisive "whoop" and raced down the steps to recover his ball.

He brought it back and when Flo still failed to notice him he reared up, planted his two muddy forepaws on her white skirt and dropped the soggy ball full upon the letter on her knee.

Flo came out of her day-dream with disconcerting suddenness. Bender backed away.

"I was only fooling," he grinned. "Come on, throw it. Don't be cross."

"You muddled oaf!" Flo burst out, getting to her feet and coming toward him. Fortunately for Bender the tele-

By HUBERT EVANS

phone rang and she had to run in and answer it. Providence took care of him!

"Oh, yes, Mrs. Maclean," she began. "I'm sorry to hear—But no, he couldn't have, because—"

Donna looked up from her book, listening. Mrs. Maclean, the rather pompous woman who owned the poodle—what-ever had she called up about?

"Well, I'm *awfully* sorry, Mrs. Maclean, but I'm sure he didn't do it. Yes, I know how you feel. But Bender would not—"

Donna eyed the terrier severely. But instead of being subdued he sat back and looked perkily about him. "Wouldn't pay any attention to me, eh? I'll show 'em."

"Whatever's happened?" Donna questioned as Flo returned to the porch.

"The Maclean poodle had disappeared and Bender's being held responsible."

"Bender? How could he?"

"He's been going down there a lot lately. Mrs. Maclean says she's seen him squeeze through the hedge and deliberately lure Fuzz off the steps."

"To play with him. That's natural enough."

"But she's positive Bender had—what did she call it?—a sinister motive. Says she saw him show his teeth at the poodle."

"It's too absurd. What does she think Bender is? A wolf? Does she think he's devoured her Fuzzy?"

"Not actually devoured. But she does think Bender has turned on him, after luring him out of sight of the house, and mauled him so severely that the poor dear has crawled away somewhere and died. She's all broken up about it, and nothing I could say would make her think differently. She has a one-way mind, that woman."

"When did all this happen?"

"Yesterday."

"That's not so good. It was yesterday that Bender was adrift somewhere all day."

"That's right," Flo nodded gravely. Then both girls and Bender looked sharply toward the street. The front gate had clicked and a very large, very stern old gentleman was striding up the walk. "It's Colonel Colvin. Now what?" Donna whispered anxiously. And Bender, usually so effusively boisterous with strangers, saw fit to retire to the end of the veranda and lie down behind the swing couch where he wouldn't be seen.

"Hr-ump. Good morning, young ladies," the Colonel began when he had mounted the steps. His manner was formally polite, but it suggested the parade ground, not the drawing room. "May I ask if either of you has seen our parrot? It disappeared yesterday and both my wife and I have reason to believe—"

From behind the swing couch came a measured "thump-thump" as Bender scratched himself. The Colonel glared suspiciously, but the discreet Bender did not show his head.

"As I was saying, reason to believe that a certain Airedale has done away with it. You—er—harbor an Airedale, I believe."

Both girls winced at the accusation veiled behind that word "harbor." "We have an Airedale, but I'm sure he would not—"

"Youngish beast? Brass studded collar?" the Colonel cross-questioned, and paused a moment for their answer.

Donna nodded, and waited to see what would follow.

"Precisely. So I thought. I have no wish to appear vindictive, but I must inform you that I am asking the police to have him destroyed. Such a dog is a menace to the entire neighborhood."

"But please, Colonel Colvin," Flo interceded. There she stopped. What could she say, she asked herself, recalling how many times she had had to rebuke Bender for barking at the Colvin parrot. It had all seemed in fun then—Polly's shrill "bad dog, go home, sir, go home," and Bender's retorts. But now—

"Whatever shall we do?" Donna began as they watched the irate Colonel march away down the tree-lined street.

"What can we do?" Flo's sense of helplessness was completely overwhelming.

A long-drawn cry made them both jump. They looked at one another.

"Oh! It's only Mrs. Sleeman calling her cat," Donna exclaimed in great relief. "That Persian, you know."

*Illustrations by
Mary Ponton Gardner*

"Only!" Flo echoed in consternation. A dire fear came over her. "I wish we had never taken Bender. Tommy told us he was a hunting dog."

"But who would have thought he would take to this kind of hunting?"

Awe-stricken, they listened to Mrs. Sleeman's throaty contralto cries as she moved down the alley behind the house, vainly calling for her Cleo to return to the fold.

"It'll be small children next," Donna said with a laugh that was utterly without mirth. "Oh, Flo! Whatever are we going to do?"

But this seemed to be one responsibility at least of which Bender felt he could relieve them. He had no clear idea of what all this talk had been about, but the tones of the girls' voices, and, most of all, the manner of that pet aversion, Colonel Colvin, had not seemed hopeful. So, squeezing his sturdy black and tan body between the palings behind the couch, Bender dropped noiselessly to the shrubbery and disappeared.

In times of stress Bender had always found a stroll helpful. For one thing, it took your mind off your troubles, and another and more important advantage was that it helped human beings to forget. So now he discreetly circled the house and started up the alley in the opposite direction to that taken by the mistress of his erstwhile tormentor, Cleo.

He kept on down the alley, past two cross streets, stopping now and then to investigate a few of the more luxurious gar-

SINCE THE GANG WAS ALL
HERE, THE EVENT SHOULD
BE FITTINGLY CELEBRATED



bage cans, or entering where a back gate had been left open and exploring flower beds and back gardens on the off chance of disinterring a bone.

Here and there along the alley he met the vehicles of milkmen, bakers or vendors of garden truck. These he passed without stopping, for he had long ago exhausted the possibilities of such things. But when, hidden by a high wall, he came to a decrepit flivver whose side curtains were all carefully fastened down, he halted and explored with studied sniffs. No one was on the driver's seat and Bender placed his forefeet on the sagging running board and inhaled with growing pleasure. The flivver smelled of a lot of things, but mostly of animals and most of all, of dog.

Bender gave a coaxing whine and was pleased to hear the thud of paws behind the curtains. He whined again, more sharply this time, and with delight saw the bewhiskered muzzle of a Scotch terrier push through a rent in the curtain above him.

"Hello, Jock," he yipped. "Come on out and see a fella." But the Scottie could not get out, though his scraping paws showed he wanted to, and Bender, tired of the delay, sauntered on down the lane. He was about to make his way over the next cross street when he saw an untidy but extremely inoffensive little man coming toward him. Bender stopped and waited.

The man's manner was puzzling. He did not seem to see Bender and yet the Airedale knew he was being watched. Bender gave him a slighting stare. He was so disarming a little man that Bender was going to ignore him and cross the street.

And then the June breeze wafted to Bender odors so enticing that he halted dead in his tracks. Those delicious smells were coming from the man's direction. Bender's tail stub began to wag, for the smell was the smell of cooked beef liver. And with it was a scent, not of something to eat, but one that nevertheless set his nostrils twitching and almost made him drool. Never, never in his life had he been favored with a smell like this.

But instead of stopping to speak to him, the little man turned up the alley, and Bender, his muzzle up, lifted his feet very high and trotted at his heels.

The man looked quickly up and down the alley to make sure he was not being watched. Then he took from his coat pocket a bit of liver and let Bender lick it from his hand.

"Good stuff. Got any more?" Bender's tail wagged.

But the man walked on and not until they were beside the old flivver did he seem to notice the Airedale again. Then he took another and larger piece of the liver which had been sprinkled with oil of aniseed—a scent which, every trapper and dog catcher knows, few animals can resist. Then he opened the rear door of the car a few inches and tossed the bait inside.

Bender was after it like a shot, and instantly the door slammed, the engine started and they were rattling down the alley.

"Wait! What about me? I don't belong here," Bender barked. The disillusioned Scottie merely looked at him and Bender clawed at the curtains desperately. While he clawed and protested they passed corner after corner until, through the smirched windows, he saw they were entering a street of ramshackle houses beyond the railway yards. He barked persistently but the rattle of the car drowned his voice. He became exasperated.

"Say, old frosty-face," he yipped. "You better

let me out of here. There'll surely be trouble if you don't."

The driver seemed not to notice his deafening threats.

Bender stood on the swaying seat and regarded the Scottie quizzically. "Is this supposed to be a pleasure trip?" his puckered forehead asked.

The Scot looked dourly down his nose.

Bender tried to leap from the seat, but his legs caught in a bird net lying there, and he thudded his head against the floor. By the time he had shaken himself so thoroughly that his ears flapped and the pain was driven out, the car was lurching up an unpaved side street. It stopped before a two-story, unpainted building bearing the faded sign "Joe's Pet Shop."

The little man got out and opened the back door an inch or two. He was so mild, so genial, yet had something so compelling about him that Bender and the Scottie were not greatly alarmed when, after giving them each another bit of that wonderful liver, he put one under each arm and carried them through the untidy front shop and into a dim room at the rear.

"'Ere we are, me bold buckoes," the man chuckled. "No 'ard feelings. Business is business. But everybody's 'appy. An 'ome away from 'ome, this is."

The door was shut and in the dimness Bender was aware of several pairs of eyes looking at him. After the brightness of the June sunlight he could see nothing. His nose twitched as he tried to identify the scents coming to him. Then from a ledge on the wall there came a familiar "meao-ow," and from the rafters a raucous voice greeted him with "Bad dog, go home, sir, go home."

Bender was too astounded even to yip. Cleo and that old reprobate Polly in a place like this! And there, huddling dejectedly on a sack in the corner, he could faintly see the white form of Fuzz. "A home away from home—that's not half of it!" Bender thought. Singly, and at favorable moments, he had been able to romp with Fuzz, to tease and be teased by Cleo and exchange ribald pleasantries with Polly, but to be with them all at the same time! This promised to be a real party.

Out in the front shop the little pet shop man—ex-poacher—was at the telephone talking with a crony in the next town.

"A good haul? Well, raw-ther! Three dogs, all young stuff, a pol and a Persian. How much? Righto."

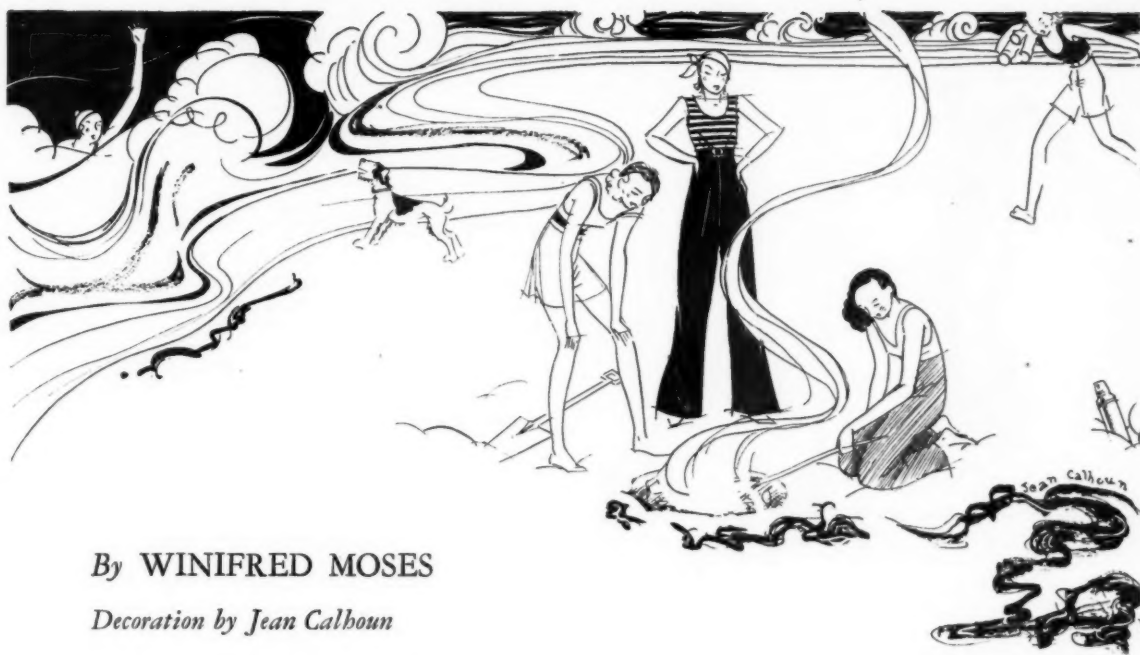
The man at the other end of the line asked something. "Oh, you can sell 'em easy. Top-hole stuff the lot o' them. What time this afternoon? Right. I'll drive over wiv' 'em. Right you are."

During the next four or five hours Bender and his cronies and the aloof Scottie remained in total ignorance of the sinister plans which little Joe, the dealer, had for them. Their lives in the well-to-do suburb had been pleasant, easy-going ones and they had no way of knowing that, once this welcome break in the routine of everyday living was over, they would not return to them. It was strange, being kept here like this, but they showed no alarm. Perhaps if they had been separated they might have fretted, but the antics of Bender and his fellow humorist, Polly, made them believe that since the gang was all here, the event should be fittingly celebrated.

On one side of the room empty boxes were piled perilously high, and after exchanging pleasantries with the parrot, touching noses with the wheezy, over-stuffed poodle and making a few futile leaps at the cat whose mocking eyes looked down at him, Bender began to explore the pile very thoroughly. (Continued on page 37)



BENDER SEEMED TO WINK SLYLY



By WINIFRED MOSES

Decoration by Jean Calhoun

A Picnic on the Beach

THE first step in a successful beach picnic is to choose the proper night—a night with a full moon riding high.

Next, you must find your beach and, if you can't, I'm afraid the picnic is off unless you have that kind of fertile imagination that can transform a bit of wood, a river bank, or even a backyard, into a desert island. Since no stretch of imagination will transform a wood into an ocean, of course, the swimming and water sports are out of the picture, but with a little ingenuity all the rest of the program can be carried on without the beach.

While a beach picnic may be an at-a-moment's-notice affair, the one I am suggesting will require a little careful beforehand planning in order to be a truly successful party.

The first number on the program is preparing the supper.

THE MENU

Steamed clams	White potatoes
Steamed chicken	Sweet potatoes
Tomatoes	Green corn
Bread and butter or pilot-bread	
Watermelon	Cold water

On arrival at the beach, in the middle of the afternoon, someone is delegated to bury the watermelon, tomatoes, and cold water in the sand to keep cool until needed.

The supper should be cooked in a sand imu, and most of you will know how to do that. Dig the hole in the sand—the size will depend on the number of servings and the size of the appetites. Digging the hole will require one or two of the strongest members of the party and at least a spade. Of course, if you were on a desert island, a sharp stone or strip of wood or shingle would have to do. But I am advising a spade.

While the hole is being dug, two or more other members should be scouting about for stones to line the hole when it is finished. Another party is assembling enough firewood to cook the dinner. When the hole is finished, it is lined with the stones and the champion firebuilder in the group

builds the bonfire on top of the stones. This fire must be fed until the stones are hissing, so there must be plenty of wood.

While the stones are heating—and considerable time will be needed for this—everybody except the fire tenders gathers damp seaweed and piles it near the hole.

When the stones are hissing hot, the coals are raked or swept out and the stones covered with the damp seaweed. In one section goes a layer of sweet potatoes and another of white, at least one of each for each guest; in another part, a pile of clams with shells scrubbed scrupulously clean—a dozen for each participant is the very least you should allow. On top are halves of chicken or pieces cut as for a fricassee, each piece wrapped in cheese cloth. If fish is to be added, it should be put in another section, but I'm advising either fish or chicken, not both. A layer of ears of roasting corn with only the outer layer of husks removed is placed on top. Eggs may also be added and the chicken omitted. A covering of damp seaweed is placed on top. A piece of heavy canvas is spread over all, the edges weighed down with sand so that no steam can possibly escape, and the whole is left to cook for two hours.

As an alternative, you might follow Booth Tarkington's plan, which is to pile a cartload of seaweed on the rocks and let it burn six hours. The fire is swept away, more damp seaweed is placed on top of the stones, and the food—his idea of food for such a party being a bushel of clams, four dozen lobsters, four dozen ears of corn, four dozen sweet potatoes, and four dozen eggs—is mixed in with the seaweed and the whole covered with a heavy canvas and allowed to steam until the whole is cooked—And then!!

Now comes the second number on the program. Everyone gets into her bathing suit, if she hasn't been there from the moment she arrived on the beach, and proceeds to acquire an appetite that will do justice to the occasion, and this is no meal to allow anyone to outdo you in eating! You have made plans for swimming contests—straight swimming or races for bean bags filled with cork in— (Continued on page 41)

Shingle Shack

By ZILLAH K. MACDONALD

Illustrations by Decie Merwin



HILDA SANK ON THE SUITCASE AND ANN LEANED AGAINST THE RAIL

WANTED: a young woman willing to act as housekeeper in a family of one in exchange for board and room in the country during June. Applicant must be unencumbered. Communicate at once with Jane Penhallow, Shingle Shack, Peaked Hill Road, Cape Cod, Massachusetts.

As the little old Ford raced on its way through the spring highways, Ann Cornish thought often of the strange advertisement which was sending them speeding on this mysterious journey. For who Jane Penhallow was, or what she looked like, Ann had no idea, but she was heaping up graver doubts every minute as the time of arrival drew near.

"Oh, see, Ann." Ann's small sister Hilda snatched up a great oak leaf which had blown into her lap. By some strange chance it was autumn red, and Hilda's wan face was alight with an artist's joy. As Ann regarded her, she could not help telling herself that in spite of anything that might happen, she had done the right thing.

Ann had had several doubts. First, there had been the matter of the mysterious phrase "Applicant must be unencumbered." Ann, with two-thirds of her salary in the hospital going to a jobless father, and with an invalid sister on her hands, who the doctor said must get to the country immediately, had snatched at the advertisement as something heaven-sent. It would get Hilda away, it would give them both a vacation without expense. At once Ann had written inquiring if Hilda would be "an encumbrance."

Jane Penhallow at least was prompt. Unencumbered, she had instantly replied, meant without cats, dogs, birds, or husbands. The sister could come if she wouldn't tear up the flower beds or take off the door knobs.

Ann had been a little upset by the answer. However, in her straits she could not pick and choose.

The little old Ford, puffing with its years, trudged gallantly up the hills. At the post office in Truro, Ann stopped. Jane had written to inquire the directions as to route. At once the postmaster seemed to under-

stand. "You're Miss Penhallow's guest," he said. "Yes, there's a letter for you." It contained a key and the hastily scribbled note:

Leaving at once for Bagdad. Fit key in front door knob. Use bed in right upper front room. On no account open left upper front room. In case of trouble call the minister. Do not trust the constabulary. He lies. JANE PENHALLOW.

Ann fairly gasped. "Miss Penhallow has gone away!" she cried. As she said it a rough looking man waiting for mail seemed to become interested.

"Must have been recent," said the postmaster and Ann noticed the man was listening intently. "Saw her this morning. Is she staying long?"

"She's gone to Bagdad."

The postmaster nodded. "Maybe she'll just get there and turn back. Still, that would take time, wouldn't it? Crazy Jane has money enough to indulge her whims. I don't hold myself with women having money."

Ann, conscious she was cutting short a nice argument which the postmaster would have liked to prolong indefinitely, went out frowning. Instantly, Hilda was alarmed. Ann knew at once that if fearful little Hilda was to get anything out of her holiday, she must be kept from worrying. "Oh, what is wrong, Ann?" Hilda cried instantly. "You look so worried."

Ann smoothed her wrinkles as best she could. "Nothing, dear. Only Jane Penhallow has gone away. Oh, she's left us the house."

Joy succeeded consternation in Hilda's face. "I'm glad, Ann. Glad! Glad! Glad! I knew she'd be fussy, and not like me. Think of it, a whole house and just the two of us."

Ann had her thoughts but she didn't voice them. There was a casualness about Jane Penhallow's actions and correspondence which to Ann sounded a little off normal.

The little old Ford speeded up on the long straight road. Now they were crossing a kind of breakwater, although it was land. However, there was only enough of it to support, on one side, a railway track, and on the other a scattered line of houses. On both sides was water. No trees anywhere. Flat land with Provincetown Bay beyond the houses on the left. The tall, chimneylike monument of Provincetown itself, topping a hillock ahead, and on the left, beyond the tracks, water, a small lake stretching to the dunes—great



TREMBLING AND READY TO FLEE, ANN APPROACHED THE BUNDLE. THERE WAS AN INWARD CONVULSION GOING ON IN IT

golden hillocks of them, like heaps of sawdust, only softer, and with mysterious humped contours, like animals at rest.

The house, Jane Penhallow had explained, was at the first fork of the road and was high on a bluff, quite a pretentious affair. Below was a garage on the road and it was marked with the house name "Shingle Shack." Now the water on the left disappeared and the dunes changed to wooded hills, without a sign of habitation. The land on the harbor side narrowed to a sea wall. Then just a few yards ahead Ann saw the fork and on the right, at the end of the range of hills, high above the road, set in the trees in solitary splendor, looking infinitely lonely, a house. A long, crazy stair started at the road and disappeared in the trees. A tiny garage in a gravel pit, quarried out of the hill at its feet, was marked "Shingle Shack—Jane Penhallow." They had arrived!

Fearful that Hilda might sense her depression, Ann talked gaily, almost feverishly, while she dumped out their things and put up the car. Then Hilda with the pillows and she with the heaviest of their luggage, started up the trail. It was a climb, sometimes by stairs and sometimes by platforms, hung on the edge of the hill, and Ann wondered if the gallery was as rickety as it looked. Overhead the foliage met and was like a cool green alley. They rested often on account of Hilda, and Ann reflected a little worriedly that Hilda would have to gain strength quickly if they were to spend much time on the beach.

At last they emerged from the trees and went up onto the porch. Ann held her breath. Hilda ever sensitive to beauty sank on the suitcase, and Ann leaned against the rail. Below them stretched miles and miles of sea, with Long Point reaching out like a lonely finger into its midst and ending in a toy lighthouse. The smoke of a liner smudged the horizon.

Not a little to Ann's surprise chairs were on the veranda. A bound volume lay on a rustic table, and a hammock, badly weatherbeaten it is true, swung in one corner. It did not seem to Ann the way a normal person would have left a house for a long journey. For after all, their coming was in a manner problematical.

Ann moved to the front door, and Hilda, eager to explore, followed. Ann had a moment of wisdom. She insisted that Hilda curl up in the hammock and rest after the hard climb, and Hilda reluctantly consented.

The panels of the door were decorated with a great knocker and, below, a small glass wicket gave one a view of the hall. Ann peered in. There was a large square entry with double doors that led into the front room and double doors into a library on the other side. The whole was flooded with evening light that sort of cast a spell over the place.

With a sense of eeriness and much thought of the upper room she was not to enter, Ann found the keyhole in the brass knob and went in. Suddenly in the middle of the hall she stopped paralyzed. Facing her on a large chair in the big front room was a sign, crookedly printed as a

child might do it, on which were the words "SAVE ME." Fearfully Ann drew her gaze away and turned to the library. But no time was given her to consider it a child's plaything for on the desk in the library yet another sign faced her, cruder than the first. "SAVE ME!" implored that sign, too.

Thoughts raced through Ann's head. The place was bright with lovely old pieces of furniture, but the signs were so eerie. Either

Jane Penhallow was really crazy or someone was being kept a prisoner in the house. She inclined to the latter when she entered the kitchen. For the remains of a meal were spread untidily on the table, and there was something more unusual still, which gave Ann a distinct shock. On each of the four legs of the enamel kitchen table was a great riding boot. One pair black, one of smaller size brown. As all four feet pointed the same way, the effect though ludicrous sent shivers down one's spine. Only a tortured human mind, Ann was sure, would put riding boots on the legs of a kitchen table.

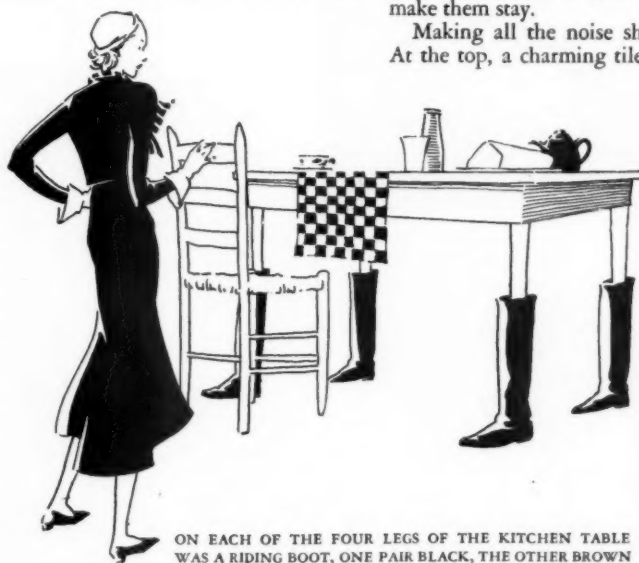
Her first instinct was to pick up and go. Then stern necessity intervened. They had no money for hotels. And the thought flew into her head that the friendly postmaster would never have let her come if Jane Penhallow had been dangerous. Besides Jane Penhallow, by her own statement, was gone. If there was someone in the house well, after all, Ann was a nurse and trained to handle such cases. Only it was to get away from such work that she had selected this holiday.

Her thoughts of Hilda, Ann removed the boots from the table and threw them into a closet. They seemed to be stuck at the bottom, as if Jane had dropped glue into them to make them stay.

Making all the noise she could, Ann tramped upstairs. At the top, a charming tiled bathroom faced her. In front, the hall ended in a great window facing the sea and flooding the place with sunset glory. On the left was the door she must not open, but on the right a door invitingly open drew her into one of the loveliest rooms she had ever seen—a soft divan in the big bay window, two deep armchairs with gay chintz, books everywhere, but—Ann realized with a kind of chill there were two more signs, one on an old wardrobe, and one on the very bed in which they were to sleep. Taking her courage into her hands, Ann explored the cupboard. It was empty.

(Continued on page 45)

ANN RETURNED TO THE DOOR OF THE FORBIDDEN ROOM



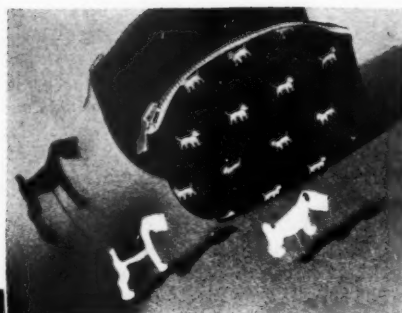
ON EACH OF THE FOUR LEGS OF THE KITCHEN TABLE WAS A RIDING BOOT, ONE PAIR BLACK, THE OTHER BROWN

For the Graduate

Selected by ANNA COYLE

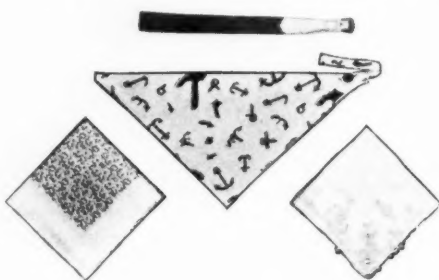
Photograph to the right is by courtesy of Peck and Peck; the one below is from Lord and Taylor, New York, N. Y.

FOR all those important events that are so much a part of her big day, the graduate will love these: The first is a smart silvery box of face powder in the new beige shade, so flattering to summer complexions. In the center is a three-bottle set of perfume, made by a real prince, too! One, for daytime use and tea parties, has a delicate lilac fragrance; another, with a jasmine scent, is for class dances and the like; and the third is also an evening perfume. At the right is shown a new idea in loose powder compacts, with a clever roller device that releases just the right amount of powder.



The girl who goes in for sports will adore a jaunty wooden dog to wear on her sweater, scarf, or sports hats. Also for sports wear is the zipper bag of cravat silk in an amusing pattern, which may be had in lapis and white or rust and white. You yourself might even make one of these smart zipper bags of linen to go with summer dresses or of white silk for evening. Zipper fastenings are sold at most notion counters or the five-and-ten-cent store.

For busy commencement festivities that await the girl graduate, there is the glamorous ensemble of evening accessories, in white (at right, below). The purse is done in seed pearls, with a pearl button clasp. The short evening gloves, which have pointed cuffs, are trimmed with pearls. The graduated pearl necklace and the two-strand matching bracelet have unusual clasps, of pearls in an old gold setting. The dainty evening handkerchief is of white chiffon, surrounded by three rows of shirred net.



Photographs, above, by courtesy of Lord and Taylor. Two photographs, below, from B. Altman, New York, N. Y.



In the group at the left, farthest from this column, is a handkerchief made of sheer cotton print, in generous size which may also be used as a sports scarf. Next to, and a little above it, is a triangle of cotton print in the popular anchor pattern. This finds a dozen uses in the hands of an outdoor girl, such as dressing up a bathing suit or simple white frock. Above the triangle is a belt that will make an attractive gift. This one is of red, white and blue morocco. Nearest this column is a lace-trimmed chiffon handkerchief for evening use.

Below, is a charming dance set for the girl graduate made of silk print in a dainty pink, blue and green floral pattern on a white background. The scallops on the panties and the top of the brassiere are finished with three rows of bias binding in pastel shades—pink, rose and blue. These sets are easy to make. Just look up a pattern similar to the set shown, in any good pattern book.

NOTE: A shopping list, telling you where the articles mentioned on this page may be obtained and their prices, will be sent by "The American Girl" on receipt of a self-addressed, stamped envelope.



By courtesy Stern Brothers, New York, N. Y.



This fine-looking box of stationery, with its polo player in the cover, would make a grand gift for a boy who is graduating. He will probably be going away to college in the fall and will need lots of writing paper. The paper is of vellum finish, in white only, and the box contains sixty flat sheets and fifty envelopes. The pen is of black and onyx composition. The key-tainer makes another smart gift for the boy. This one is of black morocco, with six key fittings, a gold-tooled initial, and a special identification flap. The neat, yet gay, handkerchief is of white linen, with colored markings and a hand-rolled hem.



Back Again to Knitting

By JEAN HATHAWAY

HAVE you heard the very latest news about sweaters? To be really well-dressed this season every girl should have at least one of the chic lacy affairs, called a sweater blouse, that comes just to, or just below, the waist, and has the youthful cap sleeve. More important still, it should be hand-made! Knitting needles and crochet hooks have come out of hiding and now they are the aristocrats of the sewing basket.

This fashion for sweaters is brimful of possibilities for the girl who is resourceful. With a few balls of yarn and a few hours of leisure she can make one, or more, of the styles described here to brighten up her summer wardrobe. In fact, one of the blouses was made from just three balls of Shetland floss, at a total cost of ninety cents, and required only ten hours to make. Naturally, if one were to buy it in a shop where such lovely articles are to be found, it would cost much, much more. And so, as a first aid to a limited clothing allowance and many needs, the sweater which you yourself make is hard to beat.

For the girl who would like to try her hand at a smaller article first the crochet hat and scarf set described below will limber up her fingers and, incidentally, is just as gay as it can be. If you don't know how to knit, ask someone to teach you. It is easy to learn the ordinary stitches—and so satisfactory to be able to make attractive things.

Easy-to-Make Sweater

This sweater, shown at right, above, requires only three balls of yellow Shetland floss, and is worked with one pair



A BLOUSE WITH A RUFFLE IS FASHIONABLE

of wooden knitting needles Number 10, and one pair of bone or celluloid knitting needles millimeter Number 4. It is designed for sizes 12 to 18 years.

Work is started on the bottom of the front as follows: With Number 4 needles cast on 76 stitches, knit 1 stitch, purl 1 stitch, making a ribbing for 3 inches. Change to large needles and knit 1 row, purl 1 row—stockinette stitch—



THIS SWEATER CAN BE MADE IN TEN HOURS AT A COST OF NINETY CENTS

Photographs by courtesy of James Lees and Sons.

for $9\frac{1}{2}$ inches. On the next row at the right side of the work, bind off 4 stitches for the underarm, then knit across 34 stitches to the center. Put these 34 stitches on a stitch holder, knit the remaining 38 stitches, turn, bind off 4 stitches for the underarm (on the left side of the work), purl 34 stitches to the center.

Now work the right shoulder even for $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches, change to Number 4 needles and knit 1 stitch, knit 2 stitches together, across the row, 24 stitches remaining. Knit in stockinette stitch for $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches. Put the stitches on the stitch holder and work the left shoulder to correspond. On the last row, cast on 20 stitches for the back of the neck, join to the right shoulder, and with 68 stitches on one needle work 2 inches, change to large needles and finish the back, increasing 4 stitches at each side for the underarm to correspond with the front.

To work the sleeves, pick up 22 stitches across the yoke, with Number 4 needles, purl 1 row, change to large needles and work in stockinette stitch, picking up 1 stitch from the armhole at the end of each row, knitting the picked up stitch on the knitted rows, and purling the picked up stitch on the purled rows, until all stitches are picked up. There will be 42 stitches on your needle. Change to Number 4 needles and work in the ribbing for 1 inch, then bind off.

Work 1 row of single crochet around the neck and crochet at each side an 8 inch cord with a tassel. Tie in a bow at the center of the V neck.

Blouse with Ruffle

The materials required for this blouse are 3 balls of Columbia silk ice and 1 pair of either (Continued on page 30)



"YOU'RE BROWN AS A BUTTERED BUN, ARLEY. IS IT SOME NEW DISGUISE YOU WEAR?"

THE meal which Arley had planned so happily was eaten in troubled haste and immediately she and her mother set off for La Colinta. They were relieved, on their arrival, to find conditions much better than Ruth's panic-stricken message over the telephone had led them to believe.

Larry's plane, in rising from the vineyard, had caught against a telephone wire and lost a wheel. By skillful manoeuvring he had brought the ship to earth, but the sudden jolt of landing had overturned the plane and cost him a fractured leg. Peter Dunstan had at once taken Larry to town where he could receive proper care. It was a piece of luck to get off so easily, Philip said when he telephoned the news.

"Thank heaven it's not serious!" said Ruth, coming back from the telephone to sink into her chair with a relieved sigh.

"It's dangerous work," spoke Arley with spirit. "I certainly don't relish the idea of his dodging treetops and

Bear and the Pleiades all alone to ourselves."

"Yes, I remember, dear," said Martha Wainwright thoughtfully. "You were very close to me then—closer than you are now."

Arley turned to lay a swift caressing hand on her mother's arm. "I know. I told you my every thought in those days, didn't I? And you sympathized with all my idiotic fancies. I know I've grown clammish and horrid. But don't think because I was so ungrateful I didn't want to come West when you sent for me that I'm not your little girl still."

"I know," Martha Wainwright touched with tender pressure the hand upon her arm. "Your life has grown full of many things. I understand."

Arley gulped back a quiver in her throat. "I've—never told you much about Win Ferris, have I, Mother?"

"Not as much as I've guessed, dear. You like him a great deal?"

"Yes, Mother, yes," Arley burst out impulsively. "That's why it seemed so big—so terrible, coming away and not

Face West

By MARGARET LULL

wires all summer. It seems crazy."

Ruth shook her head dubiously. "He'll be at it again the minute he's allowed to try. A real flier never lets a crack-up get him. But Phil and I are going to have him here the minute he's able to come. That will keep him quiet for awhile."

Summer night had fully fallen when Arley and Mrs. Wainwright started back down the orchard-covered hillsides toward Bear Basin. The first faint flush of a rising moon tinged the sky, but the dome overhead was still a somber purple canopy, glittering with stars.

"The same stars that are looking down on Highlands, Mother," Arley mused, peeping out of the driver's window to scan the sky. "Somehow I never thought, back there, that the good old constellations belonged anywhere but to us along the Hudson."

Mrs. Wainwright laughed softly. "Your vision has grown broader since those days, dear. Back in Highlands now you would remember how the stars looked here."

"I wonder." Arley let the car roll slowly along the smooth, familiar road. "Do you remember, Mother, when I was a little girl, how we used to walk out on the bridge at night and look up and down over the river to catch the wide sweep of the sky? I used to love that, it seemed so secret and solemn, you and I and the Great

knowing what would happen, who would take my place. Sometimes it seems I just can't bear to be way out here and not know what's happening there, not know when I'll see it all again."

"I'm sure you can go back eventually," Martha Wainwright assured her daughter tenderly.

"Yet you're contented here, in spite of all your worries. Why, Mother?" Arley demanded passionately. "Why should you, a Wainwright, want to stay?"

Mrs. Wainwright smiled. "Perhaps my vision, too, has grown broader since I squirmed from underneath the family tree."

"You funny mother!" Arley bestowed a swift hug, and her rebellious mood vanished in a laugh.

The moon, which had appeared suddenly, rolled like a huge pale grapefruit on the horizon, casting a silvery sheen across the road as they sped down the last sloping hillside into the Basin. Already the orchards were exuding warm, fruity odors and the night air lay still in summer hush. As they drew near home Arley remembered with a start that they had not received the mail that day, and drove on to the post box at the corner.

"Amanda Peake had a near wreck this morning," she told her mother in great amusement. "Broke her back spring square in two and was late with the mail. I meant to come up again for it before supper but Larry's tumble knocked everything from my mind."

They stopped at the post box and Arley jumped out. "Here it is," she announced as she lifted the metal lid and took out several papers and postcards. "And here's a letter from Mary Lou," she exclaimed eagerly, slitting the envelope and holding it in front of the headlights to scan its contents. "Oh, joy! She's on the way. She'll be here next week. Isn't it gorgeous, Mother? Only five days more to wait!" Arley climbed back into the car and touched the starter, her heart pounding with eager anticipation.

Before the departure of his family Tom had gone with Aoki to the Basin Corners for supplies and later planned to visit Singh. Now, as they descended the drive into the farmyard he came running out to meet them, quivering with suppressed excitement.

"Gee whiz, Mom!" he exploded, opening the door of the car and bouncing into the back seat with the force of a projectile. "Talk about scares! I've sure had my fill of 'em tonight."

"Why, Tom," demanded his mother. "What's happened?"

"Well," Tom gulped. "After we came home from the Corners I went down to Singh's and got some books. I was coming home, but he

said to wait while he went down the orchard to shut off the water and he'd tell me some more about India. I'd been having a keen time listening, so I waited. He gave me a story to read and while he was gone I sat there reading at his little table near the lamp." Tom punctuated his narrative with a gusty reminiscent sigh.

"Mercy, Tom! Get to the point," interrupted Arley impatiently. "You act scared to death."

"Well, maybe I'm not!" returned Tom, continuing his tale. "I sat there reading till I heard a creaking on the path outside I s'posed was Singh, and somebody opened the door behind me. But when I looked around, Mom, it wasn't Singh at all but two of the fiercest looking Hindus you ever saw. There was a big fellow with whiskers and his head all wound in a sack, and a small guy with a rope." Tom's voice broke and finally forsook him at the recollection, and his teeth chattered quite beyond his control.

"Yes, Tom," Arley leaned across the seat. "What happened then?"

"I tried to yell," Tom told them, "but I couldn't make a sound. I sure thought at first they were going to grab me and tie me up, but they stopped stock still and stared at

Illustrations by Henrietta McCaig Starrett

For what has happened so far in this story, see page forty-four



"THAT MAN THERE!" CLEAVER'S THIN VOICE CRACKLED WITH EXCITEMENT. "WHO IS HE?"

me, then backed away. The little one said 'no' and the big one growled something I couldn't understand. You bet I was glad when they went out and slammed the door and I heard them running up the path."

"Did you tell Singh?" Arley asked quickly.

"Gee! I didn't wait for that," Tom answered. "I wasn't going to stay there, you bet. As soon as they were gone I cut out across lots for home. Uncle Will told him, though."

"Uncle Will! Is he here?"

"Yes. He's up there on the porch waiting for you. He brought us some stuff from town."

As the family approached the house Will Hazen rose from a seat on the doorstep. "Well, neighbors," he said, "guess Tommy here is getting night shy or's been reading too many detective yarns. He had me almost scared for awhile till I went over to see Singh and found he was all right."

"Come in, Will," said Mrs. Wainwright. "Don't sit out here in the dark."

"Can't stop tonight," answered Hazen. "But I thought I'd better stay with Tom till you come, he was that nervous. I brought you something in those crates over there. I was passing the Express office in Landon this afternoon and they hailed me to bring 'em out because I had my truck. What are you getting so heavy from New York?"

Arley, who had turned on the porch light was already inspecting the heavy crates. "Oh, of course, Mother, we were expecting these," she cried in delight. "Our portraits have come."

Though Larry's leg mended rapidly, he found the time required for convalescence irksome. Arley went into town as often as possible to see him and, at the end of the second week, Ruth and Philip took him home to Orange Heights to be with them. Arley was grateful for the firm friendship which the brother and sister felt for Larry for, with the coming of Mary Lou, her own time was now fully occupied.

"Light of my eyes, let me look at you!" Arley clasped her friend enthusiastically as Mary Lou, chic and charming in a brown crêpe suit and orange blouse, stepped brightly from the train. "I can't believe you're really here."

"I suppose this is Arley Wainwright in person, but I can't be sure through such a coat of tan," complained the new arrival laughingly as she returned her friend's scrutiny and embrace. "You're brown as a buttered bun, Arley. Is it some new disguise you wear?"

"We farmerettes get that way," returned Arley gaily as she ordered Mary Lou's bags stowed away in the car. "The farm's different from anything you've ever known, Mary Lou," she added more soberly. "I do hope you won't be bored."

"Small chance of that when I have you again." Mary Lou gave her friend's arm an enthusiastic squeeze. "It's been deadly without you this half year, dear."

"And maybe I haven't missed you." Arley's voice choked with sudden feeling. "But now tell me everything," she entreated. "Begin at the very day I left and tell me every single thing that's happened."

"Help!" wailed Mary Lou. "I'm here on a visit, not a lecture tour." But she obligingly began at the beginning and, prompted by Arley's queries, talked briskly of college news all the way home, while Arley listened with rapt attention.

"It's a crime about your old estate being tied up so

long," Mary Lou commiserated as they rolled along the Basin Flat. "Father knows a wealthy man who'd pay handsomely for Highlands. It'd put you on easy street if you cared to take the offer. But of course you can't."

"I've never wanted to sell." Arley's face was troubled. "Sometimes, though, it seems that we'll have to do something about it. If Uncle Anthony isn't heard from after awhile he can be declared legally dead, Mr. Hurlburt says. But that'll be too late for me." Her eyes filled in sudden misery. "I wouldn't want to come back to college with you all gone. It would be terrible, alone."

Mary Lou drew her arm through Arley's and bestowed a sympathetic pat.

By this time they were nearing the ranch, and school reminiscences gave way to the novelty of Mary Lou's introduction to the new life. Remembering keenly the disappointment of her own arrival, Arley found herself dreading her friend's first appraisal of the simple, rustic place. But if Mary Lou's romantic dreams were shattered she did not show it. She gaily unpacked her camp shoes and knickers and came down attired for the out-of-door life she was to lead.

During the days that followed Arley found the effect of farm life upon her friend quite the reverse of what she had feared. The queer old house and struggles of the ranch seemed to afford Mary Lou as many thrills as the clear air and cloudless blue sky. And the neighbors in the Basin, the Hazens with their simple, homely kindnesses, Slippery Jones always looking for a trade, and the wise and silent Singh, appealed to the eastern girl as people of absorbing interest. Mary Lou at once assumed the duty of going to the post box for the mail quite as much, she told Arley, to see Amanda Peake, as to get any missives she might bring.

Arley had stopped the huge postwoman one day to introduce her friend. "Here's the girl who's written most of the letters you've brought me this spring," she explained to the ponderous deputy.

"I take good care of the mail," boasted Amanda. "No matter who roasts me for doing my duty I don't give in."

"Nobody ever roasts you, Mrs. Peake," declared Arley. "Everybody likes you."

"Oh, no they don't!" sputtered Amanda, heaving her chest up and down until her double chins trembled like jelly. "Guess I didn't have a time this very morning with that fellow Cleaver your mother's harboring. Begging rides for his wife with a government carrier!"

"He's a nuisance," agreed Arley. "I'm glad you didn't give in."

"I know my duty," snapped Amanda. "Say, where would I put a passenger?" she glanced down at her own protruding figure which pressed the car doors on either side. "That's what I says to him. You fool, can't you see I'm crowded now?"

Both girls shrieked with laughter. "The very best answer in the world, Mrs. Peake," Arley assured her. "You got rid of him at any rate."

"That woman's priceless," said Mary Lou as Amanda's gig rattled away. "I like these people, Arley. They're different from folks I've known, but it's a nice difference."

Arley listened in puzzled silence. She had thought of Ruth and Philip Brainerd as the only people in the Basin who could possibly interest her friend. But Mary Lou liked everyone. Well, perhaps she'd been wrong. Perhaps there were charms among the neighbors (Continued on page 38)

The Flapper Moon

EULA GOULD

THE flapper moon stays out all night;

She dances down the sky,
And laughs and flirts with all the stars,
A mad coquette on high.

Then, weary with her frolicking,
Comes home when dawn is red,
To kick her silver slippers off,
And tumble into bed.

From "The American Girl" Poetry Contest

The Care of the Hair

TWO things have become increasingly true about hair. One is that quality is more important than quantity, and the other that color is less so than line. We know a lot more about hair than we used to, and we have it more under control. People don't talk so much about "not being able to do a thing with their hair" for they know they can do just about what they want to, in the way of keeping it healthy, clean, well-groomed and becomingly arranged.

The first requirement of the hair, as everybody will admit, is health. If hair is healthy it has life and spring and shine. If it's unhealthy it loses its body and its gleam and lies down disconsolately on its job.

It has been demonstrated over and over again how clearly the state of the hair indicates the bodily health. Sometimes ill health shows in the hair before you yourself realize anything is wrong with your body. Sometimes it's weeks or months after a fever or an attack of influenza, say, that the reaction affects the hair. But regardless of time, it's sure to come. So people who know about hair are always warning us that if we want to safeguard its good looks we must keep ourselves in healthy robust condition.

The home ground of the hair, the scalp, must be especially watched. Here a good circulation is important if the hair is to keep its tone. The desirable state of the scalp is flexible and cushiony, never thin, dry and fastened tightly to the bony structure. It should be possible to move the scalp easily with the fingers and, indeed, this is a very good thing to do. Hair specialists recommend keeping the circulation active by a few minutes daily scalp massage. This is not difficult and is beneficial, they say, in keeping the hair properly nourished.

To massage the scalp, use the cushiony tips of the fingers—not the nail tips—and the palms of the hands. Proceed from the hair edges toward the center of the scalp, using a rotary motion. Do not slide the hands over the surface of the scalp, but move the scalp with the fingers on the bony structure. This, I think, is an excellent habit to acquire. It has an invigorating effect on the scalp and hair and many people also find it extremely restful and refreshing.

A basic rule for hair care is that it shall be kept clean. No hair can thrive and shine if it's dulled with dust and if the pores of the scalp are clogged with oil and dirt. Wash your hair as often as necessary to keep it clean. The time interval will vary with the individual, the locality, the time of year and other special circumstances. In dusty cities the hair gets soiled faster than in clean rural communities. Hair that is heavy and oily catches more dirt than fine dry hair.

By HAZEL RAWSON CADES

Good Looks Editor, Woman's Home Companion

Illustrations by Katherine Shane Bushnell



APPLY THE LATHER, AND PLENTY OF IT, BUT RINSE THOROUGHLY



MASSAGE THE SCALP A FEW MINUTES TO GET UP A CIRCULATION



FINISH THE DRYING PROCESS WITH A SMART, BRISK BRUSHING

Blond hair shows soil almost immediately. There are kinds of work and certain industrial communities which fill the air with dust to settle on the head. An average time interval between shampoos is probably three weeks, but in many cases this must be lessened and in certain cases lengthened. I know no better ultimate rule than "if it's dirty, wash it."

The correct method of shampooing is most important to the looks of the hair. Here is the method that I think best:

Use warm water—preferably soft water (you can boil it if you live in a hard water region). Any mild soap may be used, but many hair specialists prefer an olive oil blend. It does not matter whether the shampoo soap is in solid or liquid form, but if you use a solid soap you should lather it thoroughly and apply the lather—not the solid soap—to the hair.

The first step is to wet the hair thoroughly. Then apply the lather, plenty of it, working it into all the hair and scalp. After you have scrubbed vigorously, rinse thoroughly, and then reapply the lather and repeat the process. The second lathering and rinsing insure perfect cleanliness.

The last rinse should be warm, not cold. Wrap the head in a warm lintless towel and soak up as much moisture as possible. Then rub the hair vigorously with the towel and massage the scalp a few minutes to get up a circulation. Toss the hair about till dry, preferably in the fresh air. Do not comb the hair when it is wet. Finish the drying process with a smart brushing.

The hair may be kept cleaner, and excessive washing avoided, if a hairbrush is used regularly. Each night the hair should be brushed thoroughly to remove the day's dirt. Don't just slide the brush down over the surface of the hair, though; that's so much lost motion. Separate the hair in strands and brush each strand from the scalp to the ends in an upward motion. Wipe the brush on a towel between brushings to remove the dirt. And be sure, of course, to wash the brush frequently.

Conscientious brushing not only helps keep the hair clean, but also aids in distributing the oil from the scalp to the ends of the hair so that the whole hair is

kept lubricated and shining. Many people neglect their hairbrush duties, but you'll find they are not the people who have the smooth sleek shining hair.

The scalp, like the skin of the face, has its moods. Sometimes when it's out of sorts it refuses to secrete a normal amount of oil and becomes extremely dry. The flaking off of dead skin which we call dandruff may result. Mild forms of dandruff may be corrected by scalp massage and attention to the general health. Rubbing (*Continued on page 38*)



THE CAPITOL STEPS IN WASHINGTON PROVED TO BE A GOOD RESTING PLACE FOR THIS SWARTHMORE, PENNSYLVANIA TROOP

THIS is the time of year when everybody wants to be outdoors every single minute she can. We're beginning to go swimming, we've already played lots of tennis and Girl Scouts are having all kinds of fun with hikes, pageants and parties outdoors. Except for the rest of the school term, we haven't a worry in the world.

The Peoria, Illinois Girl Scouts write about a pageant they had in Bradley Park:

"Over two hundred and fifty Girl Scouts took part. It was put on outdoors in a natural amphitheater, and the lovely greens of the bushes and trees formed a background.

"The pageant opens with a group of modern girls of Girl Scout age playing the games and doing the things that appeal to girls of this age. Each little clique pursues its pleasures regardless of the rights of others. Because of the lack of leadership this eventually brings on a feeling of antagonism which results in a general disorder. From afar comes the spirit of Girl Scout leadership accompanied by a group of Girl Scouts from different lands. She is amazed at finding girls who lack the spirit of harmony. Spellbound, the girls watch her approach slowly, fascinated by her loveliness. The Girl Scouts, following her, call their comrades and each group does a folk dance, showing what fun it is to play together."

The Girls Are Real Historians .

Hardin, Montana Girl Scouts have been doing a lot to keep alive a knowledge and love of the historic things of the early days of our country. They have a real opportunity to do so because their camp "is located at the foot of a large hill or rim which covers about twenty acres, which is the location of old Fort Custer," Edna M. Tobias tells us. "Fort Custer is one of that group of early government forts and lookout stations built at the time of the hostile Indians. All buildings of that time have been completely destroyed. Just a few old landmarks remain. One of our projects has been to put up markers over the historic spots of our camp grounds.

"The place is so charming that the first trip the girls made to the camp, which was in May, was stretched from a week-end to an eight-day stay. We were going to school in the daytime, and doing the housekeeping and studying in the evening, except that every evening we went to the top of our highest hill for a hike and to watch the beautiful sunset. There we rested awhile, heard stories and sang, then in Indian style

filed back to our cabin at the foot of a long hill."

They Learned to Make a Fire

Virginia McKinney of Greenville, South Carolina writes about a hike her troop went on, especially for the purpose of learning how to build a fire without paper:

"We left school and walked for about half an hour, until we came to the edge of some woods where we stopped, and our leader showed us carefully how to build our fire with dead leaves and dry wood. While the fire burned we cooked pigs in blankets with bacon and cheese.

"Before that we practiced signaling and hunted for sticks to cook our meal on, while we waited for the fire to burn down to coals. After we had had our supper we cleaned up carefully and then left for home."

These Girls Had a Play Day

Jeanette Lurie of Troop Four, Woodcliff, New Jersey writes to us about a play day which the North Hudson, New Jersey Girl Scouts attended as guests of the Junior Girls of the Hoboken Y. W. C. A.:

"The object of the play day was to be-

come acquainted with the 'Y' girls, not to compete with them. Girl Scouts joined with them to form mixed teams of six girls each. Each team had a definite color.

"There were many exciting events. One was a salute relay, in which the last girl on a team ran to a definite point, returned and saluted the first girl, and so on down the line. Another was an obstacle race. All around were obstacles such as hurdles, bucks, horses, tumbling mats, high jump standards to crawl under, stools to zigzag around, and parallel bars to vault.

"After the games were over and points added up, the winning teams were given lollipops. Then all the players were invited to take a swim in the 'Y' pool."

It's Time to Meet Outdoors

This is the kind of Girl Scout meeting they have in Central Valley, New York in the spring and summer. Ruth Morris, a member of Troop One, writes to us about them:

"Every Monday evening we hold our meetings at the community pond from five-thirty to seven-thirty. Every girl brings her supper and some nights we build a fire over which we cook marshmallows and frankfurters. We are not allowed to go swimming during the meeting, but if we want to we can go afterwards. When it is time for

formation we each go to our corners and get into position.

"One by one the patrols march forward, forming three sides of a square. Our leaders complete the other side. After formation we have classes taught by an older Girl Scout or by our leaders. We sing taps at our goodnight circles, and then our two buglers blow taps together."

OUR STAR REPORTER

The best news report of the month about Girl Scout activities is published in this space each month, and the writer of it wins the distinction of being the Star Reporter of the month and receives a book as an award.

To be eligible for the Star Reporter's Box, a story must be not more than three hundred words in length or less than two hundred. It should tell "American Girl" readers the following things: What was the event? When did it happen? Who participated? What made it interesting? Do not give lists of names except as they are essential.

OUR Star Reporter this month is Eleanor Gstalder, a member of Troop Thirty-seven of Toledo, Ohio. Eleanor writes to us about a fair that Toledo Girl Scouts held.

"There was much excitement when it was announced to us that a fair was to be held where we might exhibit the garments we had been making for the poor babies of the city.

"We all assembled at Ottawa Park on the scheduled day. Some of us had outing flannel nightgowns or petticoats, while some had bands, bibs, print dresses and muslin dresses with lace on them, and even stuffed animals made of the left-over pieces.

"There were booths for each district, which were quite colorful and gay, as they had been decorated beforehand with different colored crepe paper. The lieutenants and some of the older girls from each district were in charge of the booths. They received the garments and arranged them for display, and what an array there was! Besides many fine seams, there was quite a display of embroidery, briar-stitching and dainty trimming.

"While we were playing games, the council members were judging the garments. There were prizes in each district for the neatest fancy garment, the neatest plain garment, best by a girl under twelve and best by a girl over twelve.

"After the judging was over the garments were presented to a representative of the District Nurses' Association. The Girl Scouts considered the fair a great success, and we are hoping there will be another one next year."

Hartford Girls Had a Brownie Revel

Hartford, Connecticut girls had a Brownie Revel that sounds as though it must have been lots of fun. Miss Lois B. Kingsbury writes to us about it as follows:

"The Brownies held their Revel in the park, in a delightful spot where it seemed to Brownie folk who know that the fairies surely play.

"The Revel was a lovely affair, with every Pack well represented.

Outdoor Month

all over the country are busy with pageants and all kinds of lively fun in the open air

The Revel opened with a Grand Howl to welcome visitors, of whom there were many. Following this each six sang its "six" song and gave the Brownie promise and law and smile song.

"There was a lovely spider's web, all glistening with dewdrops, and a large, velvety spider who welcomed the Brownies and suggested that if they followed the lines she had spun to the four corners of her web, they would find entertainment at each end. Brownies always follow suggestions and as they followed one another to the end of the web, they found a table setting relay where they worked very hard to set the table correctly; a leaf game, where it was so much fun to match leaves and see who could match the most correctly; a health game showing what Brownies do from the time the sun wakes them up until the sandman sends them to bed; and a balloon relay showing that if Brownies can carry a balloon on a plate without dropping it, surely they can help their mothers serve jelly.

"After each Brownie had investigated the four ends of the web, they were all called into the Fairy Circle where fairy food was served. When the fairy cups had been licked clean, Big Brown Owl told them a story.

"After this, the Brownies went investigating again and found all the characters in the story and, after giving the magic word, received a nice gift from the Fairy Queen. After each Brownie had received her gift she ran up the hill and into a big Fairy Circle for a last goodnight to Brown Owl and the Fairies."

A Hike in the Woods Is Always Fun

Marlene Lawrence of Kansas City, Missouri writes about a hike into the woods that her troop took:

"We left early in the afternoon on our hike, with two of our leaders along. Just before we turned into the road which led through the woods, we stopped at a natural spring. The water was deliciously cool, and

after having had a drink our spirits bubbled like the clear water that fell into a lovely little rocky pool below.

"By now we thought we had left the city, but discovered we hadn't when we ran across dish pans, broilers and rusty tin in all shapes lying among the budding bushes. Some of us sat down on a long sofa of rusty tin, while the rest of us went exploring.

"We worked by patrols, and built cooking fires—hunter's, trench and star fires. When material was given to the patrols for the fuzz sticks, we began work. Each leader assigned a special task for each girl—getting different sizes of wood, clearing the ground and digging a hole. After we had eaten and put out all the fires but one we sang awhile and started for home. By the time we reached home we were so tired that I fear if the way had been up one more hill we should have camped for the night at the bottom. But we did have a grand time."

The Council Fire Awards Prize

In a lucky number competition carried on by *The Council Fire*, the international magazine of Girl Scouts and Girl Guides, Jeannette Whitty of Philadelphia was the winner outside Great Britain. She received a signed portrait of Lord and Lady Baden-Powell.

A Trip to Carlsbad Cavern

Elva Lemons of Snyder, Texas writes to us about a trip Snyder Girl Scouts took to the famous Carlsbad Cavern of New Mexico. Their party consisted of thirty-five people, seventeen of whom were Girl Scouts. They went in six cars.

"The cavern is about two hundred and twenty-five miles from here. We left on Thursday, went through the cavern on Friday and came home on Saturday. We stayed in a tourist park on the Pecos River and had some very delightful swims in it.

"The cavern is wonderful. It is hard to



THE DIGGER PINE IS BEING STUDIED BY THESE FONTANA, CALIFORNIA GIRL SCOUTS

imagine single rooms, seven hundred and fifty to nine hundred feet under the earth's surface, and as much as a mile long and a thousand feet wide. Can you believe that the national Capitol building might set in a hole in the floor of one room and leave generous space about the dome? I wish all the Girl Scouts could make such a visit. We were thrilled every minute."

Rain Didn't Bother These Girls

The three patrols of Holly Troop, Winchester, Massachusetts held a competition, the prize for which was an overnight hike to camp, which the winning Canada Jay Patrol took. Margaret Plumer writes to us about it:

"We started out for Cedar Hill, one of the Girl Scout camps, on a Friday and arrived there about two o'clock. After we carried some wood up to the Winchester cabin, we got into our bathing suits to go swimming in the pool. After a swim and showers we went back to the cabin, helped get supper, made our beds out in the open and built the campfire. After supper we played games, toasted marshmallows and told stories around the campfire.

"At last we got into bed and settled down. About midnight we felt rain. We jumped out of bed, pulled our cots to shelter and at last went to sleep.

"After a delicious breakfast the next morning, and after we had made the beds, we went swimming again. After dinner, some of us went down to finish a target and the others played games. It rained all the time, but of course that didn't stop us from taking another dip. Then, after we cleaned the cabin, we started home."

EDITOR'S NOTE: Remember the Girl Scout Song Contest, open to all readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Mail your words for at least one verse and the chorus of a song for Girl Scouts to the Girl Scout Song Contest Editor by midnight of July 31. The contest was announced in the May issue. If you haven't read about it, get a copy of the magazine and do it now. You don't want to miss an opportunity to be the author of the Girl Scouts' own song!



THESE SALT LAKE CITY GIRLS ARE CARRYING STRAW TICKS FOR THEIR GYPSY CAMP



UNDER SWAYING PALM TREES AND BLUE TROPICAL SKIES, TROOP SEVEN OF SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO PLAYS THE GAME OF GIRL SCOUTING

From Ea

*Girl Scouts are doing all sorts of things—
and swimming to horseback riding and ar
as shown in two photographs on these pag*



AT THE ONLY INLAND COAST GUARD STATION, GIRL SCOUTS OF LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY TAKE TRAINING FOR THEIR SAILOR BADGES FROM REAL SAILORS



"A STITCH IN TIME SAVES NINE," THESE NEW YORK CITY GIRL SCOUTS BELIEVE. THEY ARE WORKING ON USED GARMENTS THEY HAVE COLLECTED FOR DISTRIBUTION TO THE UNEMPLOYED THROUGH THE EMERGENCY WORK BUREAU

East to West

ings—from gardening to signaling, from life-saving and archery—and giving service to the community, these pages, is not the least of their many activities



THIS GIRL LOOKS VERY SERIOUS—AND NO WONDER—FOR SHE IS MASTERING THE INTRICACIES OF TYING A SQUARE KNOT

GIRL SCOUTS OF SANTA MONICA, CALIFORNIA HELPED REFILL THE COMMUNITY CHEST COMMISSARY BY PAYING THE BACK DUES OF THEIR MEMBERS WITH CANNED AND PACKAGED GOODS WHICH THEY CARRIED TO THE COMMISSARY IN PACK BASKETS (LEFT)

SCRIBES, REPRESENTING A NUMBER OF TROOPS IN CHICAGO, ATTENDED A COURSE IN NEWS WRITING. MANY OF THE GIRLS, AS A RESULT OF THE COURSE, HAVE STARTED TROOP PAPERS WHICH CARRY LOCAL NEWS AND ANNOUNCEMENTS TO TROOP MEMBERS

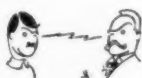


STALLED CAR

With the exception of two sudden, dramatic events, American news got nowhere in particular during April. The first headline spurt was the unexpected passage by the House of Representatives of the Philippine Independence Bill. This bill, designed to create a new nation and settle the fate of 13,000,000 persons, was passed after a debate of only forty minutes. It provided for complete independence for the Philippines on July 4, 1940, and aroused a storm of horrified surprise from the press. Most editorial observers feel that the bill is dictated by selfish interests in this country, who wish to remove Philippine competition in sugar and certain other commodities, and that it will be followed by civil war and economic chaos in the islands. It does not become law, of course, unless it is also passed by the Senate and signed by the President.

The second excitement was the revelation that Colonel Lindbergh had been double-crossed. He had paid \$50,000 in cash to people who had identified themselves, by means of code signals, as agents of the kidnapers. But the baby had not been returned. As this page goes to press, the air is thick with rumors, false clues and mysterious journeys, but the nursery on Sourland Mountain is still empty and ravished.

Congress continued, during April, its efforts to balance the budget by raising taxes and cutting expenses. Everybody is willing to do both things, provided it is the other fellow's salary that is cut and somebody else's taxes that are raised. Inability to agree on who will be the losers has prevented anything very definite from being accomplished up to date. The Federal Government, though, had one big piece of good news to give out in April. In the nine weeks before the Reconstruction Finance Corporation was created, 655 banks had gone under. In the first nine weeks after this tonic had been administered to Business, only seventy-seven banks had to close their doors. Partly as a result of this, public confidence in the banks had returned, and hoarded money had found courage to come out of the sock and the teapot and go to work again.



THE GERMAN ELECTIONS

As expected, Paul von Hindenburg won a decided victory over Adolph Hitler in the German presidential elections of April, beating his nearest rival by nearly six million votes. In the elections, however, for members of the diets of five German states, which followed shortly after the presidential election, the Hitlerites showed large gains, though they have not yet enough votes to overturn the government.

BAD BOY

The bad boy of Europe, last month, was the Irish Free State. As soon as Eamon de Valera, leader of the Sinn Fein party, had taken his place in the presidential chair, after the recent elections, he announced that Ireland would abolish the oath of allegiance to King George, to which she had agreed by treaty when the Irish Free State

was formed in 1921. English statesmen greeted this announcement with the apparently undisturbed statement that England would stand by her treaty rights, but some of the other countries in the British Empire became a bit more excited. Richard Bennett, Premier of Canada, politely warned de Valera that Ireland, in abolishing her oath of allegiance, might discover that thereby she had also abolished her membership in the British Empire. This would put her outside the new British tariff wall, a calamity to the Emerald Isle, which has known greater prosperity in the last ten years than for almost any other period in her history. Premier Forbes of New Zealand, also rebuked the

Gloria Swanson and her new husband, Michael Farmer, have a daughter, born recently in London. It is not the understanding of this columnist, however, that she is competing for the prize offered by the Canadian.

ABOUT MEN—MOSTLY IRONIC

Gabriele d'Annunzio, toothless and completely bald Italian poet, recently gave one of his late-lamented molars to a charity bazaar. It was housed in a silver chest, on which he had engraved, in Latin, *I will last*. The tooth, sold at auction, brought the equivalent of \$150.



What's Happening?

By MARY DAY WINN

sister state, and to add to the difficulties, a biscuit factory in Dublin which is the second largest employer of labor in Ireland announced that if Erin separated from the British Empire, the factory would be obliged to move to England, throwing out of work many sons of St. Patrick. These sad facts have given Mr. de Valera food for thought. He will have to decide which Ireland prefers—her freedom or a full dinner pail.



ABOUT WOMEN—MOSTLY FRIVOLOUS

Shoe sellers say that women's feet have been getting larger, even in the last five or six years. The shoe men soften the blow, though, by adding that large feet are a sign of youth.

The little pink ear of Adeita de Beaumont Fisher, wife of "Bud" Fisher, creator of "Mutt and Jeff" is worth \$5,000. That's what a court awarded her when the ear was burned by a hairdresser.



In 1926 a Canadian millionaire willed his estate to the Toronto mother who should bear the largest number of children between the date of his death and October 31, 1936. At present writing the race seems to be between Mrs. Henry Brown, mother of twenty-seven, and Mrs. Grace Bagnato, mother of twenty-one. Each of these indefatigable workers has produced one child a year since 1926.

Archbishop O'Connell of Boston has publicly expressed his extreme distaste of radio jazz. In April he made a speech over NBC introducing a program of Easter music scheduled to rebroadcast immediately, from the Vatican. But there was a mixup at the station in Rome, and the Archbishop's eulogies were followed, not by the heavenly strains of the choir, but by an Italian band noisily blaring forth the despised American jazz.

Albert Sauvant, French inventor, had complete faith in his device for protecting the pilot of the airplane in case of a crash. But the police, who did not have faith in it, confiscated the motor and the wings from Sauvant's plane to keep him from losing his life in an experimental crash. So the Frenchman hired mechanics to push him, in his wingless, motorless ship, over a high cliff in the Riviera. The plane, which the inventor had named *Amour*, plunged down the mountain side, turning over six times. When spectators rushed to open the wreck and extricate Sauvant, he stepped out, smiling and unhurt.



King George V of Great Britain recently followed the example of many of his subjects and sent his old headgear to be cleaned and reblocked. He had discovered that the royal crown, with its setting of 3,000 jewels, was a bit shabby looking and had sunk about an inch in the back. But now, after expert treatment, it is as good as new. The papers do not tell us whether or not Queen Mary has had any of her fearful and wonderful hats renovated.

AN AWARD OF SPECIAL INTEREST

Readers of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* were proud to see, in their magazine for March, a short story by Pearl S. Buck. It was called *The Good River*. On May third it was announced that Mrs. Buck's novel *The Good Earth*, had been awarded one of the 1931 Pulitzer prizes for outstanding achievement in letters. Her novel has both high literary worth and overwhelming popularity, having been the leading fiction best seller for more than a year.

Join the 1932



Hood Treasure Hunt

For 2 Best Answers Choice of:

Atwater Kent Radio
Elto Outboard Motor
Old Town Safety Canoe
Agfa Anseo Motion
Picture Camera

Columbia Bicycle
Camping Outfit for Two
(Fulton tent, Gold Medal cots, chairs,
American Kamp-Kook, blankets, Wear-
Ever utensils.)

For 50 Next Best Answers Choice of:

Magnan Tennis Racquet
Ingersoll Mite Wrist Watch
Daisy Air Rifle

Agfa Anseo Vest Pocket Camera
Estes Croquet Set
Bristol Fly Rod

The Spider Web Mystery

Twice the State Police thought they had trapped the thief who robbed many Kingsville homes. But twice he escaped them, vanishing into the woods. Now, an hour after a *third* disappearance, Sergeant Muldoon sat down to think. His eye fell on a large spider web that hung across a narrow crevice between two rocks. "Unbroken," he thought disgustedly, "so no one has gone that way today!" He poked the web with a stick. Then he leaped to his feet and, tearing down the cobweb, crept through the crevice into the cave *where the thief lay hid!* How did the Sergeant discover where the hide-away was?

Your mother won't object to "sneakers" now!

The new Hood Canvas Shoes with the Hygeen Insole prevent that "clammy dampness" and "sneaker-smell" your mother objects to in ordinary canvas shoes. It does this by keeping the foot perspiration from soaking into the shoe. By letting the moisture evaporate *naturally* instead! No wonder Hood Shoes mean cool feet!



LOOK INSIDE THE SHOE FOR THE GREEN INSOLE

Both stamped "Hood Hygeen Insole" for your protection

LOOK OUTSIDE THE SHOE FOR THE GREEN TAG...

Rules of the Contest:

FIRST: Read "The Spider Web Mystery," printed on the left, and write your solution.

SECOND: Write a paragraph of not over 150 words, telling *why* you would like to wear a pair of Hood Canvas Shoes with the Hygeen Insole.

To help you, Hood has prepared a free book called, "101 Brain Twisters." It contains many detective mysteries for you to practice on (of the type you must solve in the Treasure Hunt) and many other fascinating "posers"! What is more, a practical *method* of solving such mysteries is outlined in the opening pages! Besides that, there is

all the information you need to write a winning paragraph on Hood Canvas Shoes!

THIRD: Send your solution of "The Spider Web Mystery" and your paragraph on Hood Canvas Shoes to the TREASURE HUNT JUDGES, Hood Rubber Co., Watertown, Mass. Write your name, age, address and choice of "first" and "second" prizes at the top of each sheet of paper. Prizes will be awarded for the *best paragraphs plus the correct solution of the mystery*. All June Treasure Hunt answers must be mailed by July 15th. Prizes for June Treasure Hunt presented in August. Winners listed in October Magazine.

FREE! "101 Brain Twisters"—48 pages of Detective Mysteries and Posers with much information to help you in the Treasure Hunt! Here's fun for Club Meetings, Parties, etc. Get it from your Hood dealer or mail the coupon.



HOOD RUBBER CO., Inc.,
Watertown, Mass.

AG-3

Gentlemen: Please send me a copy of your free 48-page book, "101 Brain Twisters."

Name
Address

Isn't it great

to feel that every day is unhampered by even the smallest discomfort? But only when you have used sanitary protection of extra quality can you know what this means.



THE extra quality of Venus is there because we know that only napkins that are much finer than the usual kinds will be completely satisfactory.

If Venus were made of paper folded into inexpensive gauze they would be no better than other napkins and would cost as little to buy. But it is the specially knitted covering that brings so much greater comfort. And it is the fine surgical cotton filling that means so many more hours of carefree service and real economy.

Fine department stores in every city sell and recommend Venus.

Ask, also, to see Venus Traveling Package which contains the same fine napkins tightly pressed into a very small box so they can be easily taken along when away from home.

JUDGE FOR YOURSELF

Recently we made a trial offer of the Traveling Package to American Girl readers. We now extend an opportunity to try the regular Venus Non-Compressed Napkins at a trial price of 40c per doz.—half the regular price.

VENUS CORPORATION
1170 Broadway, N. Y.

You may send me one package of Venus Sanitary Napkins as offered in The American Girl, for which I enclose 40 cents.

Name _____ Address _____
Dealer _____ Address _____

SEE THE NEW VENUS INVISIBLE PAJAMA PANTIES AT LEADING STORES

Become a Happy Subscriber

IF YOU want to know what real fun is—if you want to read stories that are thrilling, exciting, adventurous, articles that are personal, helpful, entertaining; if you want to know all about interesting people, books and places—read THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Dear AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

I want to join the happy subscribers who read THE AMERICAN GIRL. Here is my money order for \$1.50 for 1 yr.; ☐ \$2.00 for 2 yrs. ☐

My Name is _____ My address is _____

City _____ State _____

Canadian postage 35c extra for 1 yr.; 70c for 2 yrs. Foreign postage 50c extra for 1 yr.; \$1.00 for 2 years.



Back Again to Knitting

(Continued from page 19)

bone or celluloid knitting needles, size 9. It is designed for sizes 16 to 18 years. The girdle is joined to the blouse after the back and front are finished.

To start the back, cast on 86 stitches and knit 1 row. The pattern stitch has a multiple of 3 plus 2.

Row 1: Knit 1, *yarn over, knit 3, slip the first of the 3 stitches over the other 2, repeat steps mentioned from asterisk (*) on and end with knit 1.

Row 2: Even rows purled.

Row 3: *Knit 3, slip the first stitch over the other 2 stitches, yarn over, repeat from * and end with the yarn over and knit 2.

Repeat these 4 rows until the back is 9 inches long. Bind off 6 stitches at each end and decrease 1 stitch every other row 6 times. Again work even until the back is 15 inches long. Next row, work on 21 stitches, bind off 20 stitches for the neck and start front on 21 stitches.

To work the front, knit 1 inch even, then increase at neck edge 1 stitch every 3rd row until 12 stitches have been added at the front. At the sleeve edge work the same number of even rows as on the back and increase as the back was decreased. Make the other shoulder correspond, then work all across for 9 inches and bind off.

The sleeves are next made. Pick up 20 stitches each side of the shoulder line, (40 stitches), purl back, picking up 3 more stitches at the end of the row, turn, slip the first stitch, work in pattern and pick up 3 more stitches. Continue in this manner until all the stitches are used (110 stitches) and work 1 inch even.

Decrease as follows:

Row 1: Knit 2 stitches together all across.

Row 2: Purl back working together every 3rd and 4th stitch.

Row 3: Knit across.

Row 4: Repeat row 2.

Repeat pattern rows 1 to 4 and finish with 2 ribs of plain knitting bound off on the wrong side. Sew up the seams, leaving the left seam open two inches at the bottom.

To make the girdle, cast on 26 stitches and knit in the pattern for the waist measure. The model shown here has a 27 inch strip. Finish the ends of the girdle with single crochet and loops and buttons. Sew to the lower edge of the blouse with the fullness evenly distributed and with the opening on the left side.

Now you are ready for the last smart touch—the neck ruffle. Finish the neck edge with 2 single crochet rounds. Cast on 90 stitches and knit 3 ribs plain. Next row, increase 1 stitch in every stitch, knit 1 row even, a row increasing in every 3rd stitch and another even row. Then repeat 4 pattern rows for 8 rows, (2 repeats), and knit 3 ribs bound off on the wrong side. Sew to the neck, starting at a point, around the left side and crossed over at the front.

Honeycomb Mesh Hat

You will require 1 ball of white and one ball of scarlet Minerva thistledown yarn, and 1 crochet hook millimeter Number 5.

To start the work on this mesh hat, with white yarn chain 3, join in ring.

Row 1: Chain 5, 1 double crochet in ring, *chain 2, 1 double crochet in ring. Repeat from * 4 more times, chain 2, join to the third stitch of chain 5 at the beginning of the row (6 mesh).

Row 2: Chain 5, *1 double crochet in first mesh, chain 2, 1 double crochet in the same mesh, repeat from * around the row, ending with 1 double crochet in the last mesh. Chain 2, join to the 3rd stitch of chain 5.

Row 3: Chain 5, *1 double crochet in the first mesh, chain 2, 1 double crochet in the next mesh, chain 2, 1 double crochet in the same mesh. (Increase) working 1 double crochet in the last mesh row chain 2, 1 double crochet in the 3rd chain of chain 5, chain 2, 1 double crochet in the same mesh.

Starting Row 4: Chain 2, 1 double crochet in the next mesh, chain 2, 1 double crochet in the next mesh, chain 2, 1 double crochet in the same mesh. (Increase). Increase in this manner in every 3rd mesh around the row. From now on work even for 12 rows, then finish the hat with 2 single crochet in each mesh around the row.

Tassel: Wind scarlet yarn over a 7 inch cardboard, tie at one end and cut the other end. Wind the yarn a few times around the tassel $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from top. Attach to the center of the hat with a 2 inch chain.

Honeycomb Mesh Scarf

The supplies needed for this scarf are 2 balls of white and 1 ball of scarlet Minerva thistledown yarn, and 1 crochet hook millimeter Number 5.

Work as follows: With white chain 35, work 1 double crochet in 8th chain from hook. *Chain 2, skip 2 chain, 1 double crochet in next chain. Repeat from * to end of chain. (10 mesh). Chain 3, turn, 1 double crochet in the 1st mesh, *chain 2, 1 double crochet in the next mesh. Repeat from * across the row ending with 1 double crochet in the last mesh and 1 double crochet on top of the chain of the 1st row. Chain 5, turn, 1 double crochet in the first large mesh, chain 2, repeat across the ending with 1 double crochet on the chain of the previous row. Repeat the last 2 rows for the entire scarf, 70 rows.

Scarlet fringe: Cut 6 inch strands and loop 4 strands in each mesh across both ends of the scarf.

Ship A-hoydens!

(Continued from page 11)

or fourth in the club races. Occasionally she pushed into second place. Then she won. Then she won again. And finally Mary Rose found she had arrived, for she was able to bring her boat home among the leaders so consistently that her standing in the series was in the upper half instead of the lower.

Jean Ferris can skipper her own boat against the best competition in her class or go as crew in Atlantics and Inter-Clubs when the Juniors have their frequent regattas. She can trim sails, take the helm, time the start, set a spinnaker, or pump out the boat. She is an all-round sailor and ready to take over any size boat her family may get or (Continued on page 46)

Guard your EYES



© 1932 M. L. I. CO

It is good fun, occasionally, to play "Blindman's Buff" with the young people. But it would be a tragedy to have permanently unseeing eyes.

ACCORDING to the National Society for the Prevention of Blindness, it is estimated that 114,000 persons in the United States are blind, and that more than half of them need not have lost their sight.

Have you had your eyes examined within the past three years? You may be unduly straining them at this very moment. Only an eyesight specialist can tell you whether or not it is wise to use your eyes in their present condition.

Whenever cases of severe, recurring headache, nervous exhaustion, hysteria, insomnia, giddiness or other similar conditions do not respond to medical treatment, the eyes should be carefully examined.

Defective vision will not improve with the passing of time. If neglected, or if the wrong treatment is given, disastrous results may follow. But a mere imperfection in vision is not the most serious thing that can happen to your eyes.



There are damaging eye diseases which, if untreated, eventually lead to blindness. For instance, glaucoma is one of the most insidious eye diseases. It can be present and yet give little indication, at first, of its threat

to your sight. Recognized early, it lends itself favorably to treatment. It is, therefore, always advisable for a person more than 45 years old to have periodic examination of the eyes by an expert.

Don't take chances with your vision or with that of members of your family. Make sure that children's eyes are watched and protected. Thirty-five of the forty-eight States now have statutes providing for eye tests in schools.

Remember that it is always difficult to restore sight that has been seriously impaired. Safety lies in consulting an eyesight specialist regularly, even though one's eyes seem to be normal. The majority of defects can be rectified and the eyesight corrected so as to give satisfactory service.

Don't read with the light shining into your eyes.

Don't read when recovering from serious illness—without your Doctor's consent.

Don't read when lying down unless your head and shoulders are propped up and the page is held at right angles to your line of vision.

Don't use public towels and be careful about rubbing eyes with fingers. Dangerous infection may follow.

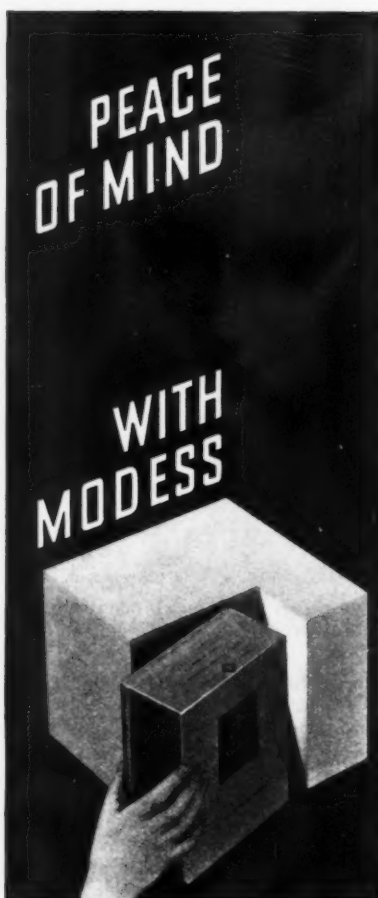
Don't hold your work or book nearer the eyes than 12 inches.

Don't fail to visit an eyesight specialist at the slightest sign of eye trouble.

Don't use eye-washes, ointments, salves or other remedies unless advised by an eyesight specialist.

Don't wear glasses not prescribed by an eyesight specialist.

METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT ~ ONE MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK, N.Y.



COSTS MUCH LESS NOW

DURING the 50 trying days of the year—a total of seven weeks out of 52—you want comfort and absolute security. Only Modess has a covering of soft gauze fluffed through and through with downy cotton to prevent irritation. Only Modess has a gently conforming filler which shapes itself naturally. Only Modess has a special protective backing for added safety. Modess, soft as down, inconspicuous, and surgically clean is now on sale at your local stores at a new low price.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK N. J. U.S.A.

Modess
SANITARY NAPKINS

Can You Make a Poster?



OUR poetry contest roused such interest among our readers with literary talent, that we have decided to give our artist readers a chance to show what they can do. And so we hereby announce an AMERICAN GIRL Poster Contest. There is no reason, we believe, why we should not receive as many posters of merit as we received good poems.

The three judges of the contest will be Miss Neysa McMein, Mrs. William Kemp Starrett (Henrietta McCaig Starrett) and Mr. Edward Poucher. You all have seen Miss McMein's charming covers on popular women's magazines, and the work of Mrs. Starrett and Mr. Poucher, illustrators for many adult publications, have appeared frequently in THE AMERICAN GIRL.

These judges, to help you in preparing your entries for the contest, have each written a definition of what constitutes a good poster. When you read their paragraphs in the box at the right, you will see how they all stress the importance of simplicity. Keep this in mind all the time that you are working.

Your poster may be designed to sell one of two things—Girl Scouting or THE AMERICAN GIRL magazine. You *must* present your idea pictorially, not through a lettered slogan. You may leave a space for lettering at the bottom of the poster if you wish, but do not include it in your design. No poster should be more than thirty inches on its longest side.

The prize for the best poster will be a set of poster paints and brushes. The second prize will be a book on poster technique, and the third prize will be a book of fiction.

Study the comments of Miss McMein, Mrs. Starrett and Mr. Poucher and read carefully the rules that follow. Then go ahead with your posters, and good luck to you!

Conditions of the Contest

1. Any reader of THE AMERICAN GIRL is eligible to compete in this contest.
2. As many as three posters may be submitted by each contestant.
3. All designs submitted should fea-

WHAT OUR JUDGES SAY—

"The first requisite of a good poster is to be able to see it, and to have a design that will carry a block away if necessary—which means that the design must be a simple one, color strong, and in as large blocks as possible. And last, but by no means least, present the idea as simply as possible."

Neysa McMein

"The first essential of a good poster is its story-telling power—because its main purpose is selling—whether selling an idea or a commercial product."

"So closely allied to this first requisite is the second need that it should be considered of equal importance—that of eye-compelling power. This comprises its simplicity of design, harmony of color and a total lack of all matter not essential to the story. Its color masses should compel the eye of the beholder to it so that the story may be told almost instantaneously."

Henrietta McCaig Starrett

"A poster is a pictorial newspaper head-line. A head-line summarizes a news story in a sentence and a poster should project an idea at a glance. To achieve this result a bold color contrast will help, and a simple design."

"Decide what elements must go into the design to illustrate the idea and eliminate everything else. Express what remains in the most forceful and dramatic way. Then you may have a poster."

Edward Poucher

ture either Girl Scouting or THE AMERICAN GIRL. If the Girl Scout uniform is portrayed be sure the details are correct.

4. Designs will be judged for artistic merit, originality, and ability to convey the desired message.
5. No poster should measure more than thirty inches on its longest side. No lettering is to be used as part of the design, although space for it may be left at the bottom of the poster.
6. Designs may be submitted in any medium as long as they are in color. Do not put them in frames or under glass. Designs sent rolled up will be debarred.
7. All designs submitted must be original in conception and presentation.
8. Posters submitted in the contest cannot be returned.
9. All entries must be in the office of THE AMERICAN GIRL, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y., by August 1, 1932.
10. Any entry which does not comply with the above rules will be debarred.

The Famous Friend

(Continued from page 9)

whose pull-on sweater was badly faded from a great many washings, whose pleated skirt was far too short for the present style and whose legs were encased in black cotton stockings!

"Perhaps those are just her traveling clothes," Babs thought. "Surely she must have something else to wear."

John offered to drive Babs home when the time came for her to go.

"What do you think of Clotilde?" he asked when they were in the car.

"To tell the truth, I'm horribly disappointed in her," Babs said in the soft, lazy voice which Nancy admired so much.

And she told Nancy the same thing the next morning when Nancy called her up.

"She seemed just a little too intense and noble," she said. "That line she pulled about not wasting any time while she was here was rather ungracious."

"But, Babs, she didn't mean it that way!" Nancy protested. "She's like that. She thinks that everybody ought to grasp every opportunity that comes her way. She thinks it is perfectly terrible to waste anything—food or time or money or—anything!"

"You're probably right," Babs said, "but Clotilde just didn't appeal to me."

"Oh, I'm sorry!" said Nancy gloomily.

But Babs didn't pay any attention to her friend's unhappiness. She went on talking:

"Did she wear those terrible clothes in France? That awful sweater and skirt and those cotton stockings! Why, Nancy darling, she's dowdy! All the girls are going to die when they meet her."

"Then I hate them all! They'll be rude and vulgar!" Nancy flared.

"Don't be silly and childish, Nancy," Babs said in a slightly bored voice which always crushed Nancy. "You oughtn't to take it that way. You'd laugh yourself if you weren't used to her. Where's your sense of humor, darling?"

"I don't think I've got any when it comes to making fun of my friends," Nancy answered hotly and hung up the receiver. It was the first time she had ever been angry at Babs. Perhaps she was more furious at herself than she was at Babs, for down in her heart she knew that what the older girl was saying was true. Clotilde would be a riot! And if she wasn't Nancy's particular friend Nancy would have been laughing with the rest of them!

"But I can fix that," Nancy thought, turning away from the telephone. "I'll offer Clotilde some of my clothes. Some I got in Paris that the girls haven't seen yet."

But Babs had made something happen to Nancy. She had shown her something that took the bloom off Clotilde's visit and gnawed at Nancy's heart. She saw the French girl through Babs' critical eyes. She made excuses to stay away from the club because she couldn't bring herself to face the crowd with Clotilde.

But on the morning of the third day Mrs. Reynolds tossed a note across the table to Nancy.

"Babs is giving a tea at the club tomorrow for Clotilde," Nancy said reading the letter. Her heart sank.

"How nice. It is time you took the poor child somewhere. You've been sitting around the (Continued on page 34)

She doesn't know much about photography...



... but she'll get a Good Picture

This **DOUBLE-COATED** Film makes it easy to take clear snapshots . . .

SHE'D laugh if you called her a good photographer—but when she stops for her pictures at the store she always gets plenty of those clear, lifelike snapshots that everyone admires.

She gives most of the credit to Kodak Verichrome Film. Verichrome makes it easy for any girl to get the kind of snapshots that make photography exciting.

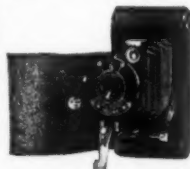
For Verichrome is different—it has two "coatings" instead of one. A fast coating that catches the image quickly and brings out the detail in the dark parts. A slow coating that holds detail in the lighter parts.

Because of this combination you can underexpose or overexpose quite

a bit when you take pictures and still get good results. This makes picture taking easier and simpler than ever before.

Ask your Kodak dealer about Verichrome. And if you need a camera, see the official Girl Scout Kodak—a light, convenient camera that takes excellent $1\frac{3}{8} \times 2\frac{1}{4}$ -inch pictures—and costs but \$6 with case.

If you're a Girl Scout, try for the Photographer Badge. Both Verichrome Film and the Girl Scout Kodak will be a help to you in winning it. Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.



● TUNE IN on Kodak Week-end Hour, Friday Evenings, Columbia Broadcasting System.

Use Kodak VERICHROME Film

"Remember how I HATED HIKES?"



"Now I can walk miles without getting tired!"

"You certainly should wear these Buster Brown Official Girl Scout Shoes, Joan—they're 'keen.' I can walk any place now and I never get tired. Mother likes them, too. She says they've improved my posture ever so much. I wear them all the time, because they are so comfortable—and they look just as nice with my school clothes as they do with my uniform!"

The new Buster Brown Official Girl Scout Shoe has the Ped-a-Pivot Feature which supports your feet in a perfectly natural way—and helps you to walk correctly—toes straight ahead. You'll like all three of the smartly tailored styles. Sold by department and shoe stores everywhere.

BROWN SHOE CO., Mfrs. - St. Louis



Look for the Official Girl Scout label, and also for the PED-A-PIVOT emblem.

Oxfords . . \$5
and \$5.50
Boots . . . \$5
and \$6.50

Sizes 2 1/4 to 10
Widths AAA to
D



Official Moccasin Hiking Oxford, sturdily constructed of Coffee Elk with leather sole, or Smoke Elk and Grocord sole.

Buster Brown Official GIRL SCOUT SHOES with the PED-A-PIVOT feature

* Retailers who sell "Robin Hood" and "Central" footwear have these same Official Girl Scout Shoes, marked "Central's Official Girl Scout Shoes."

The Famous Friend

(Continued from page 33)

house long enough," Mrs. Reynolds said. "I shall like to go," Clotilde said politely. "It is nice of Barbara Kennymore to give a tea for me."

A little later John found his sister in her room when he went there to search for a pair of manicure scissors.

"Why, Sis," he said, "what's the matter? I thought you were off with Clotilde somewhere. What are you crying about?"

"Oh, nothing," Nancy replied shakily. John sat down on the edge of the bed and said shrewdly, "I bet I know. It's that tea tomorrow. You'd rather not go. Nancy, you hate to go because you know Babs is going to try to show up Clotilde in front of the crowd."

"She wouldn't do that!" Nancy flared. "Oh, wouldn't she? She's told the crowd about Clotilde and they all think she's going to be a circus freak."

"Clotilde isn't a freak! She's a darling. It's those dreadful clothes!"

"Of course, Clotilde isn't a freak. She's only different, but you know how the crowd is about someone who is different. They want to run rings around them. Hasn't Clotilde other clothes?"

"Only a few—and all pretty bad. That's why I was crying!" Nancy said, suddenly determined to throw everything overboard and confide in her brother. "I'd like to offer her some of mine but I'm afraid it might hurt her feelings."

"I'd take a chance anyway," John said practically.

That afternoon when she and Clotilde were sitting together in the garden reading, Nancy suddenly looked up from her book.

"I think I'll wear my new pink linen suit," she said. "I suppose there'll be quite a crowd at the tea, and no one has seen that yet."

"I'll wear my white lace, shall I?" Clotilde said.

Nancy dropped her eyes. She remembered that Clotilde had worn it to dinner the night before over a bright yellow satin slip. Nancy could hardly repress a little shudder when she thought of that costume.

"Most of the girls wear sports things," she said in a small voice.

"Then I shall wear this," Clotilde said calmly and pulled down her faded sweater.

"I wondered if you didn't think it would be fun to sort of dress alike tomorrow," Nancy began, trying to be tactful. "I've got a white linen suit, too, almost like the pink, and you could wear that. I'd love it."

But the color had mounted to the French girl's cheeks, and her eyes were cold when she looked across at her friend.

"I do not like the wearing of other people's clothes," she said proudly. "These are my own. Why should I wear yours?"

"For no reason. I just thought it would be fun," Nancy ended lamely and changed the subject to a matter less embarrassing. So when they went to the tea the next

day Clotilde wore the green sweater and the pleated skirt and the low-heeled slippers and thick black stockings. And worst of all she wore a little round black felt hat.

Nancy felt her face flaming as she walked up the shallow white steps and saw the crowd of young people gathered on the veranda. Babs came forward to greet them. There was a wicked gleam in her large gray eyes as she took Clotilde's hand and turning to the assembled crowd said in her lazy, low voice, "Behold Nancy's paragon of virtue! Miss Clotilde Bercault."

Nancy allowed herself to be swept off to a distant corner of the porch. She knew she was deserting Clotilde, but she felt she didn't care. If Clotilde had only listened to reason and had worn the white linen suit!

The only person who seemed to be paying any attention to the French girl after she had been introduced to everyone was

John Reynolds. He sat by her and saw to it that she had tea and cakes. Nancy felt very grateful to him. But Babs didn't seem to like it.

It was over at last. It had been even worse than Nancy had feared it would be. She came away actually hating all the young people who had been there.

"Thank goodness," Nancy thought, "that Clotilde didn't notice that anything was out of the way!"

But Clotilde *had* seen that things were decidedly out of the way. She had felt, as soon as she put her foot on the lowest step of the porch, the hostility of the young people. But she would rather have died than show how she felt. She saw now clearly why Nancy had offered her her clothes. It was because she was ashamed of her! She thought desperately of some way that she could leave the Reynolds' house tomorrow. She felt that she never wanted to see Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds and John and Nancy again. They must all be ashamed of her!

Mrs. Reynolds met them at the door when they got home. She held a telegram in her hand.

"Listen to this," she said and began to read: "Can you put me up for a few days? Fifi Drummond and I will be out before dinner tonight. Leonard." Of course I wired them to come. They'll be here for dinner!" Mrs. Reynolds ended.

She turned to Clotilde to explain.

"The wire is from Nancy's cousin, Leonard Gilbert. He is one of the youngest directors in Hollywood and we are very proud of him. He's engaged to Fifi Drummond, one of our biggest stars."

"How interesting," Clotilde said politely.

"What's the matter, dear?" Mrs. Reynolds said suddenly, leaning closer and looking into the girl's white face. "Are you ill? You look tired out."

"Not ill. Only I have a little headache. If I might be excused I would like to retire. I shall, perhaps, feel better in the morning. I don't want to make any trouble."

"Of course, dear child," Mrs. Reynolds

Girl Wanted

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said in her kind voice. She turned to her daughter who had been standing by. "Nancy, call up Babs Kennymore and ask her if she can come over for dinner. If Clotilde feels too ill to come downstairs, we are left with an extra man, Roger Mallet."

Clotilde went up the curving stairs and as she climbed them she could hear Nancy's excited voice asking Babs for dinner.

Nancy, with a heavy heart, went about the business of dressing. She had been momentarily lifted out of her state of gloom by the news of her cousin's visit. After all it isn't every day that a famous motion picture star and a director come calling. But Babs had blown out her moment of happiness as lightly as she would have blown out a candle. "You've simply got to do something about Clotilde," she had said. "You can't let your cousin and Fifi Drummond see her that way."

Clotilde, in the meantime, opened her door to a soft knock. John stood on the threshold. He put his finger to his lips and beckoned. "Come on down to the garden for a second. I want to talk to you," he said.

Clotilde followed him listlessly. Her eyes were red from crying. He led the way to a secluded stone bench and they dropped down on it side by side. Then John began to talk. Many seconds passed before he let Clotilde go back to her room. But the girl who flew up the curved staircase was a different being from the one who had gone down them with John a short while before. John disappeared into Nancy's room.

Clotilde locked the door of her room behind her. Then she slipped off the ugly sweater and skirt and took a warm bath. She wrapped a kimono around her and sat down before the looking glass and tried her long straight hair a dozen different ways before she decided to wear it brushed straight back and caught in a loose knot at the nape of her neck. She was surprised to find when she did that she had a charming little peak of hair on her forehead. It seemed to complete the contour of her small heart-shaped face. When her hair was arranged to her satisfaction, she got up and opened the door and went across to Nancy's room. She knocked lightly and went in. "I want you to do me a favor," she said.

Barbara arrived early and John, who came sauntering out of the living room with a book under his arm, stopped short and gave a low, long, expressive whistle. "You sure are a knockout, Babs," he said in frank admiration. Barbara preened herself.

Leonard Gilbert and his fiancée came down the stairs. Mr. and Mrs. Reynolds followed them. Roger Mallet arrived just then and everyone was introduced.

"I can't imagine what's keeping the girls," Mrs. Reynolds said. As if in answer, Nancy and Clotilde appeared at the head of the stairs. Clotilde looked lovely in a pale pink chiffon dress. Mrs. Reynolds with a little murmur of delight stepped forward and took Clotilde's small hand in one of hers.

"This is Clotilde Bercault, Nancy's French friend," she said to her nephew and Miss Drummond.

For a moment no one spoke; then Fifi Drummond ran forward. She threw her arms around Clotilde and laughed over her shoulder at Leonard Gilbert and the others.

"Nancy's little French girl!" she cried. "Our little French girl! You remember her, Leonard, our (Continued on page 36)

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handkerchiefs



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disposable tissues

SUPPOSE someone asked you to dip your hands into a solution containing thousands of dangerous germs. You'd be horrified. You wouldn't dream of it.

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But—even more important to your health—you need use each tissue only once. Kleenex costs so little. Each tissue costs but the merest fraction of a cent. So you can destroy each tissue, germs and all, as soon as it is used. You don't endanger yourself from self-infection. You don't hide germs away in laundry bags, to spread through other clothing.

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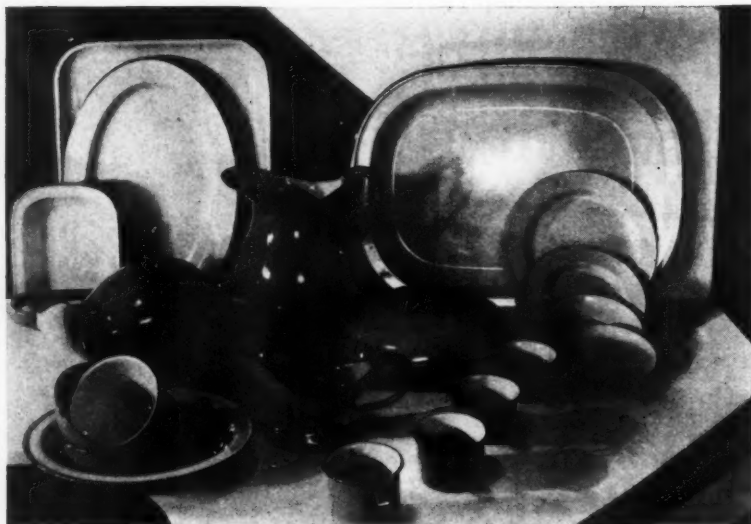
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The colors—apple green with bisque lining, bluet and oriole orange—are particularly attractive and will either blend or contrast with any color scheme. Prices are attractive and, when bought in dozen lots, considerably reduced.

Write for the Camp Equipment Catalog. On page twenty-eight is complete information as to assortment and prices.

Transportation charges are extra.

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.

NATIONAL EQUIPMENT SERVICE

670 Lexington Avenue, New York, N. Y.

The Famous Friend

(Continued from page 35)

little French girl of the boat who helped you so much with all her wondrous knowledge of French history. She is changed!"

"I remember!" the young director said, hurrying forward to take Clotilde's hand. "How are you, my dear? What have you been doing to yourself? You look charming."

"You see, it is this way—" Clotilde began, but John cut her short.

"Her trunks just came," he said briefly.

The two visitors insisted upon having Clotilde between them at the table.

"You see, we met this little girl on the boat," Leonard explained to the others. "I had a script of a new French picture we are going to work on. I was a little hazy about some of the historical sequences and I tried to find a book in the library on the boat. Clotilde overheard me and she came to me afterwards and said that she had two old books of French history that might help me. When we got talking I realized she was a mine of knowledge herself. So—"

Clotilde looked around the table. She was happy now. And Nancy was her old gay self once more. She could see that. But—what was that Mr. Gilbert was saying? Hollywood? He wanted Clotilde to go to Hollywood to help in the research for the new picture. And leave Nancy! No, she couldn't!

Then Mr. Reynolds spoke. "How would you like to go to California, too, Nancy?"

Nancy and Clotilde turned to him with shining eyes.

Later Nancy walked to the door with Barbara.

"You looked lovely, Babs. I loved your new frock," Nancy said.

"A lot of good it did me," Babs said crossly. "Nobody noticed me."

"Oh, Babs, they did! Fifi told me how pretty she thought you were!" Nancy cried.

"Well, she told the world how beautiful she thought Clotilde was!" Babs said.

"Oh, Babs, Clotilde did look beautiful! She—" But just then John came around with the car to take Babs home. As she watched her go down the path, Nancy saw Babs as she really was.

She went back to the living-room and stopped a moment in the doorway. She heard Clotilde's fresh young voice saying, "And Nancy gave me this dress. It has already brought me much luck!"

"I have been so foolish! I have always said to myself, 'You are Clotilde Bercault! You have the blood of kings in your veins. You need not think about the clothes!' and then I so foolishly pull on my ugly green sweater and my more than ugly skirt and my flat shoes and I go to the country club with my dearest friend, Nancy, and I break her heart because I make her friends laugh at me. It was John who told me how full of pride I am."

"John!" cried Nancy, hurrying into the room. "Why, John pointed out to me how I was all wrong."

"Well, for goodness' sake, when did John get so much sense!" Mr. Reynolds said.

"Oh, I got it out of a book!" John himself answered from the doorway. "I'm like that, you know. Get a lot of theories out of a book, then try them out on your nearest and dearest!" And "Gosh!" he added, "was I surprised when it worked!"

Bender Smells a Rat

(Continued from page 14)

"Chap never knows his luck," seemed to be his belief as he trotted back and forth in front of it. He jammed his black button of a nose into a crack and sniffed.

"If there isn't a rat in there, I'm a lap dog," he seemed to conclude.

Jumping up again, he forced his head between two of the boxes and inhaled yearningly. Bender was a born optimist; in spite of what his nose told him, he thought there must be a rat in there simply because he wanted there to be one.

His brown eyes stared more intently into the dark hole. Yessir! Something moved in there. Seizing the edge of the box in his teeth, he tugged and panted to make the opening large enough for him to enter.

"Go home, sir, go home," Polly encouraged and flapped from her perch.

Bender felt the box yield a little. Bracing himself he stiffened his legs and arched his back. "Grrr! Come along, you—" he was growling, when without warning, the entire pile swayed and fell forward with a resounding crash. Dogs yelped; the parrot screamed its ridiculous war cry. Only Cleo kept silence, looking down on the havoc with calm, inscrutable eyes. As the alarmed pet dealer burst into the room, Bender, beside himself with delight, dashed past him and bounded into the street.

When he had restored quiet to the back room, Joe came expectantly out. Bender, sitting on the curb, was waiting for him. The terrier's tongue dangled from his grinning mouth. This was proving to be a party beyond his wildest dreams.

"Nice doggie," Joe soothed, coming obliquely forward, a bit of liver in his hand.

Bender's droll eyes were watching every step, but he did not move. Joe was almost near enough to seize him when Bender, with an explosive "burp," leaped clear.

Very slowly, and with words he hoped would overcome the terrier's suspicion, Joe began closing with Bender again. But it was no use. Bender sidled away.

"Good chap, see what I've got for you," Joe coaxed. But under his breath he was muttering: "You blighter!"

"Blighter yourself," Bender barked.

With a few well chosen words which vividly expressed his opinion of the entire clan of Airedales, Joe returned to his shop. He knew dogs. Also he knew when he was beaten by them.

Joe may have known he was beaten, but he was far from knowing Bender. For, instead of setting out for home and leaving Joe to his own shady devices, Bender planted himself on the sidewalk and barked.

"Hello everybody," he chorused lustily. "Bow-wow-wow-wah!" he called.

This last volley brought Joe out on the run. He was armed with a broom. "Stop that," he hissed, swinging wildly at Bender. But it was no use. Bender bounded clear, and when Joe went inside he came back and bombarded the shop with barks so loud that the distraught Joe decided that the sooner he got away, the better.

From a discreet distance Bender watched him put two cages into the car, then lead out the two dogs on leashes.

"Out of 'ere!" Joe shouted to Bender as he banged the door on his prisoners. He

picked up several stones and hurled them with vigor but no accuracy. Then getting into the car, he shot out of the street.

But he could not draw away from Bender. Faster and faster Joe rattled along the street with Bender barking vociferously behind. They were approaching the neighborhood which Bender and these others knew as home and, putting on a great burst of speed, Joe was doing his utmost to leave that dangerous area behind him when, with a rending cough, the engine died.

Joe was out and had the hood lifted in a second. He prodded and poked in frantic haste, then dashed into the corner drugstore and telephoned a garage for help. Breathlessly he asked for a mechanic to come, and breathlessly he watched that demon of an Airedale leaping and barking. He rushed from the drugstore.

"Yah!" Bender taunted as he dodged a swinging kick. Several persons stopped, curious to know why a man should rush so savagely at a playful dog.

The onlookers need not have been concerned for the safety of the nimble Bender. For him, this was the climax to the party he thought Joe had staged for his express benefit. He was backing away and leaping from side to side when he collided with the legs of a man. It was Colonel Colvin.

"Whoops!" Bender yipped. Joe and the peppery old Colonel to play with at the same time! Was ever dog so favored! And, to crown his ecstasy, from behind the curtains of the car came a shrill "Home, sir, bad dog, go home."

Things happened too quickly for Bender to follow them. The Colonel strode to the car, the curtains were pulled back, and a moment later Polly and Cleo and Fuzz and the dour Scottie were ranged on the curb, and Joe was fleeing up a side street.

"Hold him!" the Colonel was bellowing.

Bender did not know what he was talking about. But when he saw Joe racing away, he chased him on general principles. In turning a corner, he collided with his quarry and knocked his legs from under him. The fall jolted the wind out of both of them and when they tried to get to their feet the Colonel, panting vehement denunciations, was standing over them. With him was a policeman.

This settled it for Bender. The fun was over. Joe and the Colonel and the policeman were walking purposefully away and, feeling both guilty and satisfied, Bender trotted homeward. From his standpoint, at least, the party had been a howling success.

Donna and Flo were perturbed to see the Colonel coming up the walk that evening. But he had not been on the veranda more than a minute before they heard enough of a story which gave meaning to his opening remarks about "dastardly outrage" and "that Airedale—stout fellow." He had hardly taken his leave before Mrs. Maclean telephoned to say how she adored Airedales. Then Mrs. Sleeman came in the back way with a chop which she insisted on leaving for Bender "because of all he had done for dear Cleo." And Bender, prone and dozing after his wonderful day, elevated one brown eyelid ever so slightly and seemed to wink slyly at the girls.



Dear Dodo,

It's simply too poisonous here now, but I did go to a party where I made a hit! With a perfectly marvelous man! He has the most inscrutable eyes, my dear, but imagine, I was wearing my last year's flowered chiffon!

Thank goodness I had just had it washed in Lux and it really couldn't have been more darling if I do say it.

And did he give me a rush and did Nancy look daggers at me. But after all I am really not interested in men!!

I saw a simply stunning blue silk sports dress with a yellow scarf and I am hoping Mother will let me buy it. She has practically promised, but says the color will fade since you have to wash summer things so often but I said Mother you know perfectly well it won't fade if it's washed in Lux—anything that can stand water alone is safe in Lux, and if necessary I will wash it with my own hands, and I must say that seemed to turn the trick.

I'm going to wear that darling print I had last summer and I have a number of perfectly sweet sweaters that, my dear, really couldn't be nicer, they honestly look new, and they've been Luxed I don't know how many times.

Well, darling, I'll be seeing you,

Midge





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BASS Genuine Moccasins—the same type of footwear invented and worn by the fleet-footed American Indian—are an assurance of that foot freedom and comfort which is so essential to the proper enjoyment of life in the open. They let you tramp or hike all day, or indulge in any other Scout event, with never a thought to your feet. And they're just as smart as they are comfortable—just as appropriate with any sports costume as with your Scout uniform.

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The Care of the Hair

(Continued from page 23)

olive oil into the scalp before the shampoo to loosen the scales is sometimes helpful. A mildly antiseptic hair preparation is often useful. If the condition persists or grows worse, if the scalp becomes inflamed or irritated, by all means see a dermatologist.

There is always a certain amount of falling hair; the old dead hair drops out and new hair takes its place. Spring and Fall, more hair is apt to fall and, after a fever or any serious illness, the condition is often aggravated. Try massage and oil shampoos. If the condition does not yield to treatment, see a doctor or a hair specialist.

I hardly think that it is necessary to warn any of you who patronize beauty parlors to be careful to go only to those who are scrupulous about sterilizing their utensils. There are scalp affections which are transferable and it may be dangerous to have anything used on your head which has not been sterilized. Be sure also that the shampoo soap they use is non-irritating and that they rinse it out thoroughly. It is harmful if left on the hair any length of time.

Avoid using sharp hairpins or combs, and be careful about tight hats that cut off circulation of air from the head. Do not expose your hair for long periods to strong direct sunlight. Be extremely careful in the use of curling irons. And avoid all bleaches and strong rinses.

Vegetable rinses such as henna or camomile are not harmful, but henna compounds may contain harmful substances. A small amount of lemon juice in the last rinse is a favorite of many blondes and is as harmless as the camomile. No rinse, however, has power to keep hair from darkening if such is its natural tendency. The best safeguard for those "glints" you hear talked about is health and cleanliness.

One of the problems in the care of the hair is what to do about salt water bathing. In spite of the greatest care and the snug-gest bathing caps, it is too difficult not to get the edges wet. Well, all I can say is be even more careful, but if you fail don't leave salt water in your hair. Wash it out right off because it's bad for the health as well as the looks of your hair.

Face West

(Continued from page 22)

which her own distorted vision had missed.

"Well, then," she told her friend, "if you really think these folks are fun, I'll have to give a party to introduce you."

"Gorgeous!" said Mary Lou.

As the peach harvest drew near, each day saw signs of increased activity throughout the Basin. Along the roads poured a stream of decrepit caravans, vehicles drawn by hollow-backed tired horses, dusty rattling cars, and a humble procession of marchers with packs, searching for work in the fruit. Camps sprang up like mushrooms along the roadside. And the cannery at Landon, which had been operating for months in a small way, increased its corps of helpers in preparation for the first influx of peaches which was already beginning to arrive.

"Early Tuscans are ready now," Philip told the girls one evening when he came to call soon after the arrival of Mary Lou. "The cannery'll be swamped within a week, and now, all of a sudden, Burns is talking off on handling our canned stuff. Billings has put the screws on him."

"Oh, Phil," cried Arley in sudden fear. "I hope he won't fail you now."

"We'll come out all right," Philip tried to be encouraging. "If Burns fails, I'll find some other way."

The neighborhood party for Mary Lou proved an informal, pleasant affair and was well attended.

"Why not trot the family portraits out?" Mary Lou had suggested when Arley was arranging the rooms. "Hang as many as there's room for against the living-room wall. I think it will make a hit."

"There wouldn't possibly be room enough for all of them," Arley had decided good-naturedly, "but I will put up Elizabeth Arleigh and Uncle Anthony."

"And this one," insisted Mary Lou, pointing to Phoebe Wainwright's vivid likeness. "I want them to see where you get

your looks. It's surely apparent enough."

So they hung Elizabeth and Phoebe and hoisted Uncle Anthony's picture on to the piano.

"You're Grandma's own child," Philip declared, looking from Arley to the picture on the wall. "These are stunning portraits," he added. "You ought to show them to Singh. He's strong on stuff like this."

"Do you think he'd really be interested?" Arley questioned. "He's coming by to bring some tools he borrowed. I'll ask him in if you think he'd care to look."

"You bet he would," Philip assured her. "There he is now," he added as a foot-step sounded on the porch.

However, the newcomer was not Singh, but Ed Cleaver, ambling up without ceremony to leave some berries his wife had picked. Arley, who hurried to the door, found him standing outside the screen staring at the dark-eyed Anthony as though his own eyes would pop from his head.

"What's the matter, Mr. Cleaver?" she exclaimed, leaping to rescue the berries as he rushed into the room. "What's wrong?"

"That man there!" Cleaver's thin voice crackled with excitement. "Who is he?"

"My Uncle Anthony," Arley answered.

"My hat!" screamed Cleaver. "I got a pitcher somewhere like that!" He turned and rushed away before Arley could question further or Philip could interfere.

Outside, Zip began a furious barking. Tom went to quiet the dog and Philip followed to the porch just as Singh came up the steps. The Hindu seemed greatly excited and explained in a low voice to Philip that there had been prowlers about whose actions he did not like.

"Wait, Singh," Arley called from the door. "I've something I want to show you."

Singh walked forward to the open door. Like Cleaver, his eyes blazed with excitement as they fell on Anthony Wainwright's pictured face. "Colonel Wainwright!" he exclaimed, staring in surprise.

"You knew my uncle?" Arley's voice was low and tense. "Oh, Singh! You've seen him?"

Zip's barking in the yard had risen to a frenzy. There was a scuffling in the grass beyond some bushes and the dog's sharp cry of pain. Philip started down the steps just as Tom shot up white with fear.

"Gee! There's someone in those lilacs," the boy cried. "He threw a club at Zip."

Singh turned with a muttered curse.

"Singh," Arley begged, "please wait."

But Singh had leaped from the porch and was running down the path. There was a shout from the lilacs and the sound of frenzied scuffling in the grass.

"Here! We'd better look into this." Will Hazen snapped on the porch light until its beams shot far out across the darkened yard. "Hold on! What's going on out there?"

There were curses and sounds of a fierce struggle, then the strident starting of a car.

"Stop!" Philip leaped toward the chugging vehicle which had stood concealed down the drive. "Stop! Come back!"

There came no answer but a muffled cry. The car shot up the drive, and turned onto the highway. Arley's party, now thoroughly disorganized, poured into the yard to search, first frantically, then with desperate fear, through the dark and silent shrubbery.

Singh was gone.

CHAPTER X

"Well, they got him." Philip's face, looking drawn and white under the glare of the porch light, showed the effect of his long fruitless search.

"He's been kidnaped," groaned Arley. "But why?"

"Heaven only knows that. Our job's to rescue him. But we'll have to wait for daylight now," said Philip. "I telephoned the sheriff. We may as well go home and wait."

The guests had left in confusion and Mrs. Wainwright tried to encourage the others. "When daylight comes, we'll find some clue, I hope," she said cheerfully. "And now you should all get some rest." She turned to Ruth with motherly solicitude. "Don't go home tonight," she urged. "We've plenty of room. Stay with us."

"A splendid idea," Arley seconded her mother's plea. So it was agreed that the Brainerds should remain.

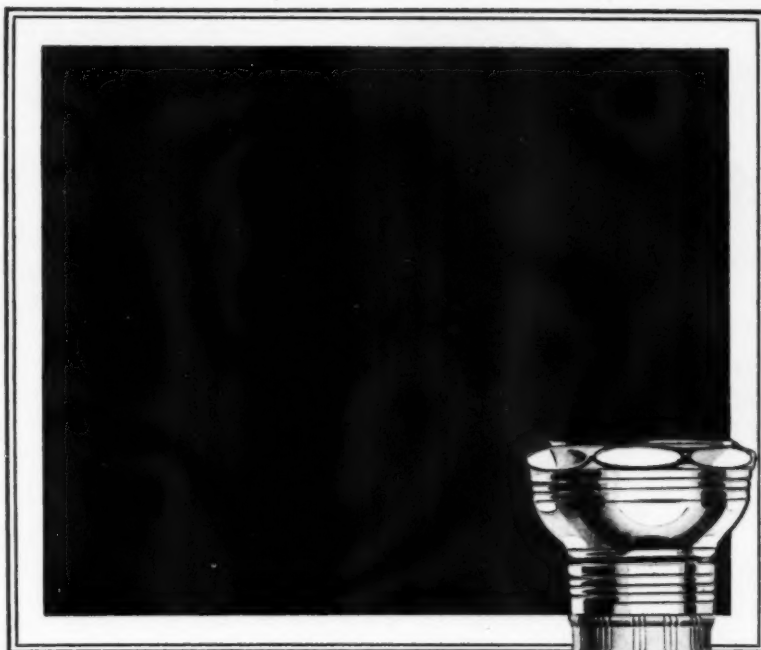
Even after the house was quiet a restlessness pervaded the air. Zip, the dog, refusing to sleep, kept running back and forth from the front door to the back.

"That dog hasn't closed an eye all night," Arley said to Philip in the morning. "There's something out in the yard. I'm going to see what it is." She opened the door, and the dog shot out across the yard, darting excitedly through the grass and stopping frequently to smell his way.

Philip led the way, and they followed the dog's trail out across the orchard to some fruit boxes piled beneath a tree upon which the animal leaped with frenzied fury.

Philip and Arley began tossing back the boxes one by one. At first their search seemed vain; then, wedged into the far corner of a crate, they saw a black, furry object with two terrified eyes.

Arley dropped on her knees beside the crate, speaking to the frightened animal in gentle, soothing tones. "Why, you funny little thing," she crooned. Then she looked up with a delighted smile. "It's a fox, Phil. Bring me a sack. (Continued on page 43)



"MOTHER, did you say the bottom shelf?"

BLIND MAN'S BUFF is lots of fun, and you don't mind feeling and fumbling in the dark . . . so long as you're playing a game! But who wants to paw around a closet-shelf, trying to find her tennis-shoes, skates, or jumping-rope? And you know you daren't strike a light, because you might start a fire!

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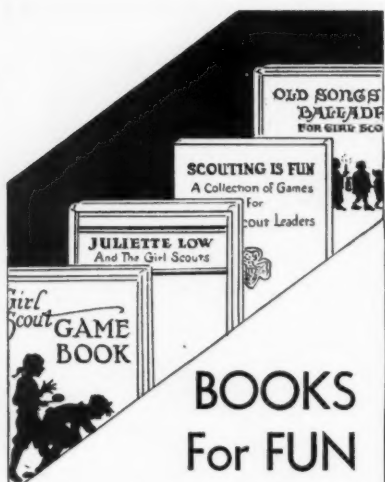


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BOOKS For FUN and for FACT

Don't let a rainy day at camp mean a blue day for you. The fascinating biography of Juliette Low will dispel any rainy-day blues. If time hangs heavy in your tent, cheer up with a peppy game from Girl Scout Game Book or Scouting is Fun. And when night comes, lead the campfire singing with the charming songs from Old Songs and Balladry.

There is lots of fun to be found in facts. Stars Through Magic Casements will enable you to read the story of the skies and The Book of Woodcraft the story of the woods. Jack-Knife Cookery will help you make a meal out of almost nothing and Basketry and Paper Folding will teach you to make useful things from the raw materials furnished by Nature.

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A Glowing Bookshelf

By

SOPHIE L. GOLDSMITH

PICKING out a favorite month is like picking out a favorite color. So much depends upon one's mood and one's needs at the time. The month of June, in the book world as in the actual world which it reflects, holds a very special place in the affections of all who love color, vividness and an abiding fragrance. The books which I am suggesting to you for this month, therefore, will typify some of these characteristics. Many of them will be welcomed as graduation gifts by the girls who are setting out from grammar school to high school, or from high school to college.

One which will be especially welcomed for this purpose is *Under Twenty* by May Lamberton Becker (Harcourt, Brace and Junior Literary Guild). This is a collection of stories by authors who have written about girls in all sorts of situations—at their first dances, working under the pressure of a first professional assignment, in the throes of early revolt against too strict handling, thrilling to love affairs. The stories have been chosen for their fitness in supplying both what girls want in the way of invariably interesting stories, and what they need in the way of friendly boosts for their own special questions. The authors are introduced in that racy and sympathetic biographic style with which Mrs. Becker has made us familiar. They are authors known and loved by many—Booth Tarkington, Katharine Mansfield, Constance Lindsay Skinner, Dorothy Canfield, Marian Hurd McNeely. It is as exciting to meet the people behind the stories as to read the stories themselves, and this book ought to receive a warm welcome indeed from girls of every taste.

Pavlova by Walford Hyden (Little, Brown) although not written especially for girls, is also very likely to appeal to you. Mr. Hyden, who was musical director for Madame Pavlova, knew her dancing and the spirit in which it was conceived probably better than anybody else, and he has given us a picture of this beloved artist which brings her touchingly and beautifully before us.

From dancing to acting is a natural transition, and many girls would welcome among their graduation gifts a collection of plays, intended to be produced at school or camp. In *Seven to Seventeen*, collected and edited by Alexander Dean (Samuel French) there are twenty-three plays for production by girls and boys of those ages. Like many collections, this is an uneven one, some of the plays being very much better than others. But there is sure to be at least one which will meet your need at school or camp.

South America's Story by Elsie Spicer Eells (McBride) gives us truly enthralling

reading concerning the history of a continent which is increasing daily in interest and importance. We get a smattering of the lovely old legends which lurk in South America's pottery and jewelry, we meet the Incas in all their fabulous simplicity and prosperity before the greedy Spaniards wiped them out, we learn that "El Dorado" was originally thought to be a chief so wealthy that he powdered his entire body with gold as we do ours with talcum. We hobnob with pirates, explorers, priests and tyrants, and we meet the most unexpected names in connection with the growth of South America, such as Ambrose O'Higgins, who became in 1796 the viceroy of Peru, the highest ruler of the New World. The unpopularity of the United States with South America is explained and commented upon and, before we know it, the day of the airplane sweeps down upon a country surcharged with the legends and history of the past.

A bit of this very history we meet with in a splendid story of those perpetually fascinating people, the Incas of Peru, in *The Scarlet Fringe* by Helen Clark Fernald and Edwin M. Slocome (Longmans, Green). This book is so vividly written that we feel ourselves joining with those reverent sun-worshippers as they celebrate their glorious old pagan rites. Paillu's father years ago has thrown himself over a cliff rather than yield to the domination of the Spaniards, and from the minute we listen to Paillu's incantation to the snakes he wishes to bring back to the high priest, we know he is made of the same stern stuff. The Villac Umcu, or head priest, recognizes this, and lays upon his boyish shoulders tasks worthy of a hero.

In *Bouquet Hill* by Jane Abbott (Lippincott) we meet two exceedingly convincing girls, Judith and Susan Blocklock. They are girls of today, and they face a very general problem of the America of today—that of being compelled to live within a much reduced income. Susan faces this necessity far more courageously and philosophically than does her elder sister Judith. It is easier for Susan, because her tastes are different from those of Judith—less sophisticated and less demanding—and she has always been content with simple pleasures and friends who are not necessarily deep in the social whirl. But Judith is the sort of girl who has loved the parties Susan has never cared about, who is accustomed to luxuries to which her younger sister is indifferent, and who cannot imagine life without these things. The family moves from a comfortable city home to Bouquet Hill, a shabby but picturesque home in a little country

town, and it is there that Judith learns, with great difficulty, but in real and interesting ways, many things of which she had had no idea in the old gay and comfortable life.

Toplofty by Mary Willard Keyes (Longmans, Green) is the story of an eventful visit Alice Ware pays to Theodora Fraser. Alice's dead mother has been a dear friend of Theodora's, and as a tribute to the old friendship Alice is asked to spend the summer with the Fraser family. She leaves a jolly family of brothers and sisters and goes to Toplofty, so named by a neighbor who considers the Frasers snobs and intruders in the lovely New Hampshire village, although they have done their best to prove her mistaken. Theodora in particular is especially distasteful to the crotchety neighbor, and she and Alice plan eagerly how to win her over. Theodora is the kind of girl who seems born to get into trouble, certainly with this neighbor, and with every possible good intention both girls lay themselves open to plenty of misunderstanding. It is not a particularly eventful story, but the two girls are well drawn, Alice's sturdy persistence contrasting well with Theodora's impatience and undeniable charm.

In considering books especially in the light of those which will be welcome as graduation gifts, the idea of having them as permanent parts of a library as well as of adding to the stock of portraits of girls and of events characteristic of our own time, must also be taken into consideration. This month there are several reissues of tried and tested friends in new forms. Prominent among these is *The Voyages of Columbus* by Washington Irving, edited by Winifred Hulbert. There are various opinions as to the readability of Washington Irving in his usual form, but this version of the great voyages omits much of the detail and the long descriptions which are sometimes tedious, and gives us the gist of one of the noblest and most thrilling undertakings.

To Have and to Hold by Mary Johnston (Houghton Mifflin) is a reprint of a story which swept historical fiction enthusiasts off their feet with joy when it first appeared some twenty-five years ago. The famous ro-

mance of old Virginia colonist days, of the defiant English beauty who braved the hardships of a new world and life with a rough and ready lover rather than obey the King's command and marry her aristocratic London suitor, is as compelling as ever, especially in its new dress with colored illustrations by Frank Schoonover. Coincident with this reprint, is the appearance of Mary Johnston's new book, *Hunting Shirt* (Little, Brown). *Hunting Shirt* is a young American colonist who had all the great uncultivated wilds of the United States for his hunting ground during the last quarter of the eighteenth century. He has vowed to recover a garnet necklace which Myra has lost during an Indian raid, and which he knows to be in the possession of Fir Tree, an Indian chief. He stalks Fir Tree all over the country, always just missing him, but he is implacable in his determination to secure the necklace. How he does so, and afterwards finds his happiness with another girl very different from Myra, makes a story in which the wild grandeur of virgin woods and forests plays a large and poetic part.

If your girl graduate friend is a true booklover and you are also, you could not pay one another a greater mutual compliment than by presenting her with *The Haunted Bookshop*, an old favorite by Christopher Morley. As booklovers often find it necessary to economize, you will be delighted to hear that you may secure this matchless combination of mystery story and booklover's joy in a dollar edition (Grosset and Dunlap). She will also appreciate a certain edition of *The Book of Old English Ballads*, which has an introduction by Hamilton Wright Mabie and some attractive illustrations (Macmillan). It has been republished several times because it is so satisfying a collection. If she prefers something more up-to-date, there is *Days and Deeds*, compiled by Burton E. and Elizabeth B. Stevenson (Doubleday, Doran). This is a collection of poems appropriate for recitation on special festive days of our own American calendar. The idea is a good one, and should fill a universal and prevalent need.

A Picnic on the Beach

(Continued from page 15)

stead of beans; leap frog, three-legged, and potato races; and a sand castle building contest. Archery, if your group indulges in this sport, may be included.

Two hours later, when the guests are ravenously hungry, the third number of the program is started. The accessories—salt and pepper, a pitcher of melted butter, sliced tomatoes, pilot-bread or slices of brown bread and butter—are spread out. The watermelon and cold water jugs or thermos bottles are unsanded. The paper plates, cups, spoons, and napkins are arranged. And, at last, the canvas is removed and folded, the seaweed is taken away, and the feast is served.

When the guests have eaten to repletion, the debris is piled in the hole and burned and the hole covered over for old ocean to take care of.

If it isn't too late, everyone now takes a rest and sunbath, or if it is too cold for a sunbath, the party sits around a bonfire.

The last number on the program, which

should be staged just as the sun is going down or the moon coming up, is a Captain Kidd Treasure Hunt. The treasure, consisting of the prizes to be awarded for the winners in the contests and at least one tiny gift for each one, has previously been buried in the sand in as lonely a spot as can be found. Many decoys have been placed to lend zest to the hunt and to make it as mysterious as possible. Each guest is given a tiny shovel or stick and a rough map to furnish the clues, and the hunt is on. After the treasure is discovered the booty is divided and the day is finished around a bonfire with or without stories.

If no beach is available, this picnic in a modified form, of course, may be staged on a riverbank, in a nearby wood, or even in the backyard, provided there are trees and space to dig an imu. The swimming contests and the sand castles will have to be omitted where water and sand are lacking; the imu will have to be dug in the earth; and the clams will probably have to be omitted from the menu.



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Laugh and Grow Scout

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month Three for Medium?

A minister visiting in the country was awakened early one morning to the tune of *Rock of Ages*.

When he went down to breakfast he said, "Sister Sairy, your certainly must be a good religious woman, singing so early in the morning, and knowing all the verses of that wonderful old hymn."

The old sister laughed. "I'll just have to tell you. I don't have a clock in the kitchen, and it takes *Rock of Ages* sung twice for soft boiled eggs, and four times for hard boiled eggs."

—Sent by PHYLLIS V. MATTHEWS, Lynchburg, Virginia.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this space.



The Poor Animals!

LADY (visiting fox farm): Mr. Keeper, how many times a year do you skin your foxes?—
Sent by MARY SPENCER, Erie, Pennsylvania.

He Got Away with It

BOBBY: Daddy, a boy at school told me I looked just like you.

DAD (proudly): And what did you say?

BOBBY: Nothin'. He was bigger'n me.
—Sent by MARJORIE SMITH, Springfield, Massachusetts.

The Name Served Him!

POLICEMAN (producing notebook): Wot's your name?

MOTORIST: Aloysius Alastair Cyprinus.

POLICEMAN (putting book away): Well, don't let me catch you again.—Sent by KATHRYN HUTCHINSON, Johnson City, New York.

Efficiency Man of The Future



"You told me to file these letters, sir," said the new office boy.

"Yes."

"Well, I was just thinkin' that it'd be easier to trim them with shears."—Sent by CAROLYN WIPONG, Nezperce, Idaho.

Face West

(Continued from page 39)

I know how to capture him. I learned from Hulda McCabe to do it without hurting them."

The capture proved quite easy. It was not until after the animal was safely bagged that Arley became perplexed. "I don't understand it at all, Phil," she exclaimed. "How did he get here? And how could a fox be so tame? I wonder—" Again she was on her knees beside the sack, gently stroking the captive's ear as she turned it outward. She turned to Philip, her eyes shining with excitement. "Phil, it's Victor," she cried. "I saw a mark in his ear which proves it."

In a flash it all came back, Victor and his mates at the fox farm, the Hindu cabin in the woods. Seated on an overturned crate she told Philip the story of their adventure in the canyon and the man she and Larry had passed on the grade. "It's Victor without a doubt, Phil." She spoke in a hushed, wondering voice. "He has a habit of going to sleep in people's cars. Do you suppose, Phil, that the car that came for Singh could have brought Victor, too?"

"It's worth looking into at any rate," said Philip with animation. "A mighty strong clue, I should say. I'll telephone Bates to come with a posse."

Returning to the house, they recounted their discovery to the other members of the household.

"I know the place you mean," Sheriff Bates told Arley. "I've marked that fox farm, too, where the road turns down into the canyon."

Philip went with the posse, leaving his own car for Ruth to drive home. Arley returned to the house where the family still moved about the morning tasks in a hush of suppressed anxiety.

"Wow!" Mary Lou exclaimed, hanging up the dish towel and dropping into a convenient chair. "I'm almost limp with excitement. What a hectic life you people lead here, Arley."

"Mother," Arley worried, "I'm terribly upset. Singh seemed to know Uncle Anthony. And now he's gone. If only he had had time to tell us!"

The Wainwright household, with thoughts only for Singh's plight, made no attempt to lead a normal life that day. Arley and Mary Lou, finding the suspense impossible to bear in quiet, carried some left-overs from the party to the Cleavers.

Mrs. Cleaver was at home, enjoying a lull between jobs, and Gloria sat on the grass outside the shack intently reading. Ed Cleaver was nowhere to be seen.

"Ed'd got some kind of a spell on," Lib told the girls disinterestedly. "He tore 'round here half the night, huntin' something, an' this mornin' he got up early an' started off. Said he was goin' to walk to Cartersville. Can you beat that?"

"I can't imagine him walking that far," said Arley with a smile.

"Well, I dunno," replied Lib. "Ed's queer. He has to git on the road once'n awhile whether he gits a ride or not."

Throughout the day and into the twilight the Wainwrights waited, tense and worried. At last came the sound for which they listened, familiar wheels on the highway and a heavy car rolling down the drive.

Tom, followed by his dog, burst from the door with a shout, while Arley and her mother and Mary Lou hurried to the porch, peering anxiously into the night.

"Is it you, Phil?" Arley called. "Did you find him?"

"All safe," sang Philip cheerily, as he leaped to the ground. "Singh's here." He came hurrying up the path followed by the silent Hindu.

"Tell us about it," demanded the girls, drawing them both into the kitchen.

"We found him right where you told us, guarded by two men," Philip told them. Then he described the surprise capture which had been accomplished without difficulty and only a slight delay while they waited for the local sheriff to come and take the culprits off to jail. "They'd been kidnapping their fellow countrymen who were suspected of pro-British leanings, and holding them in the hut until the victims could be spirited away. No telling what harm they've done. A dozen Hindus have vanished like that these last few years."

"But, Singh, you aren't pro-British, are you?" Arley puzzled.

Singh denied any political activity though he admitted that he had been friendly with British exploring parties in the old country, and sometimes received foreign mail. However, he had realized for some time that he was being shadowed.

"And now what about my Uncle Anthony?" Arley's mind surged back to the question that had been tormenting her all day. "Where did you know him, and when?"

Gathered about the kitchen table while the tired men satisfied their hunger, Singh unfolded his simple but moving tale. He had met Anthony Wainwright while serving as guide to a party of artists and adventurers, and afterward had come to this country with Colonel Wainwright who, finding his funds exhausted, had decided to return home.

Anthony had been married, Singh said, but had lost his wife. And there was a child, a little girl. Arriving in San Francisco, they had parted, Anthony going on to New York where Singh, it was planned, should follow him later on.

"I had a letter from him, written on his way East," Singh said. "But nothing after that. A message I sent to the New York address he had given me was returned with a note from the keeper of some apartment house that he was dead. That was six years ago," Singh finished. "I think it must be true. I never heard from the Colonel again."

"Mother," exclaimed Arley, "it sounds true. We must have it looked up."

"I shall write to Mr. Hurlburt tonight," promised Mrs. Wainwright. "Singh, you can hardly appreciate how much your story means to us. News of Anthony is something we've been waiting for for years."

"I'm glad to be of service," Singh answered simply.

"Me too. I guess I've been of service, ain't I?" Ed Cleaver, stalking up the back steps, had reached the open kitchen door unnoticed. Now he stood before them weary and disheveled, holding out a tiny object suspended from a thin, discolored chain. "I told you I had a pitcher of that gink somewhere," he shrilled in nasal triumph. It was with some junk I buried in a can one place we camped (Continued on page 44)

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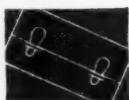
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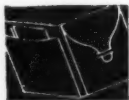
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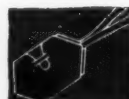
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Face West

(Continued from page 43)

up at Cartersville. I been runnin' it down
all day. It was 'round that kid's neck when
we got her."

"Uncle Anthony's picture on Gloria!"
Arley pressed close to grasp the trinket.
"Mother," she cried wildly, "it's true. What
does it mean?" She whirled to face Cleaver.

Five or six years before, Cleaver ex-
plained, Lib had held a job as janitress in
an apartment on the outskirts of New York.
One night a man had come looking for the
owner of the building who, he said, was
his friend. Finding that the house had been
sold recently, the stranger had asked per-
mission to leave his little girl while he went
away to hunt his friend elsewhere.

"I didn't like that idea one bit," declared
Cleaver with a jaggle-toothed grimace. "I
says, 'what if you don't come back, an' leave
us stuck with the kid?' He says he'll come
back all right, but if I don't believe him
there's an address where I can take her an'
his folks'll pay me dough. So I says 'fair
enough' an' he left the kid. Well, would
you believe it," Cleaver finished, "he walked
out in the street an' a truck knocked him
cold. That was the end. But in all the
pesky fuss, gettin' the coroner an' every-
thing, we lost that paper. So I been stuck
with her all these years."

"Why, Mother," cried Arley, "you see
what it means. Gloria is a Wainwright!"

A letter detailing the stories told by Singh
and Ed Cleaver started to the Wainwright
family lawyer by the next day's mail, and
the delighted Gloria was at once installed
in the Wainwright home.

"Don't I git no pay—or nothin' for her?"
Cleaver demanded in indignation.

"You will be paid," Martha Wainwright
replied, "when her father's estate is settled."

The harvest was now on in force and all
through the Basin the rich fruit-laden
orchards teemed with life. In spite of the
heat, activity abounded everywhere.

Tom and Arley picked with the trans-
ients, and even Mary Lou helped. Phil's
time was filled with affairs of the Cooperative.

"Burns has quit on us," he informed his
neighbors one evening. "Billings got to
him, of course. I'm going to San Francisco
in the morning to see the Green Chain
Grocery outfit. We've got to find a market
right away. They cry overproduction, yet
people in the world are hungry while
freight cars stand empty on the sidings that
might bring the food surplus to their door."
Philip rose to take his leave and he and
Arley stood for a moment together.

"Farming seems to me to be all struggle
and work," Arley said. "No recompense at
all, that I can see. To stay here seems
idiotic, and yet the romance of this life grips
me—a little. I feel like a man who's stepped
one toe in the quicksand and feels it give."

"Only one toe in?" asked Philip softly.
"I'm harder hit than that."

Philip returned at the end of two days,
reporting that the Green Chain would take
the fruit. Things seemed bright again.

Larry, not yet able to resume his flying,
was still at La Colinta, and Arley and Mary
Lou, in spite of the harvest, found time
one evening to go over for a visit.

Philip who had been busy all day in the
Basin came home to a late supper looking

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tired and worried. He nibbled at his food.

"Are things all right today?" Arley asked
with a sense of impending disaster.

Philip nodded with a strained cheerfulness
that did not deceive her. Presently he
walked across the yard and stood thinking.

Arley, watching his movements in
troubled silence, hesitated a moment, then
rose. "I'll be back right away," she told the
others, and walked swiftly across the grass
to the edge of the shadowy lawn.

Impulsively she touched his arm. "What
is it, Phil? Something awful's happened."

Philip reached for her hand and held it
close as if comforted to feel its presence in
his own. "The jig's up, Arley," he said.
"I've bucked everything till this, but now
I'm beat. To think I let you in for it!"
His voice shook with remorse.

"Phil!" Arley cried in distress. "I don't
know what you mean. The peaches are
picked, the cannery's functioning, the crop's
sold. What's happened to upset all this?"

"The bank has stopped our funds,"
Philip answered miserably. "Billings put
down the screws on the Valley National.
He's got all the money in the state sewed
up tight. Fruit rotting in the crates and
nobody'll finance us. The cannery quit to-
night when Halliday told them. We're done."

"Don't say that, Phil," Arley pleaded
"Don't give up. We'll find a way."

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cover when you read the final instalment.

What has happened so far in the story

Arley Wainwright comes from the East
to help her mother run a peach ranch. The
Packers' Union is trying to ruin the Co-
operative to which the Wainwrights and
Brainerds belong. Arley becomes interested
in Gloria, who lives with the destitute
Cleavers but who is not their child.

Larry Parsons and Arley are picnicking
one day and see a suspicious-looking Hindu
in the woods. Soon after Larry is hurt in
an airplane crash.

Shingle Shack

(Continued from page 17)

too, although a whiff of old lavender almost like a presence drifted out to her with startling pungency.

Washing up after supper as fast as she could, Ann explored the lower floors. Then she put Hilda to bed. Only one thing troubled her. There was no lock on the kitchen door, only an old-fashioned latch. But when she discovered that the latch did not go through and could only be operated from the inside, she felt safe from intruders.

Hilda asleep, Ann could not settle down. That sign "SAVE ME" haunted her. Jane Penhallow had warned her not to enter the hidden room. Ann was not curious but she was a nurse in training, and if there was someone in the house needing help it must be in there. She crossed the hall and tapped on the door of the forbidden room. She listened intently. It seemed to her she detected movement in the room, a strange sound she could not define. The light in the hall did not work. Ann went back to her room and lit a candle.

She returned to the door of the forbidden room, and listened again. Again that strange movement. There was someone or something moving in that room. Ann turned the handle, and in a sudden draught the candle went out. Ann started back for a match.

Halfway across the darkened hall her feet froze under her. Every muscle seemed to ossify. Something was coming out of the room behind her, moving with a strange, indefinable noise like wind in trees. Then the touch of something light, soft, sweeping around her head, blotting out the gray light in the hall and throwing about her a faint lavender fragrance. She fought wildly. She flung up her hands and the scream that escaped her stifled some other sound—she could not tell what. Something light, silky, almost intangible, passed her so quickly it was gone before she could grasp it. Then she was free. Ann, gazing wildly about her, saw a black something moving in mid-air down the hall. She did not imagine it. It was a quite visible spot of inky blackness, and it was about six feet tall. At the stairs it seemed to melt away.

Ann dashed in for a match and was conscious of a distinct feeling of something gone—of danger passed. Hilda was starting awake and Ann had to soothe her. She realized now she dare not leave her. The search must be postponed until morning.

Finding a good strong bolt on her door, Ann shut it, crawled into bed and snapped off the light above her head. How long she had slept she did not know but she awakened with a sense of something wrong. She turned over quickly to face the window, her left hand under her as she started up, and her right reaching for the electric light above her head. Instantly she realized something which brought her wide awake; she could no longer see the starlit night outside and, as she realized it, her hand reaching for the light was caught and held in a firm grasp. Out of the darkness, a hand had intercepted her hand and caught and HELD IT! With a coldness down her spine no case had ever inspired in her, Ann felt her helplessness. She could not

raise the left hand without falling back in bed. Her right was held and when her mind did flash to her feet, she found them caught in the tucked-in bedding. As her hand was drawn nearer the window, Ann felt her arm straighten out. A sense of being dragged out the window by her hand possessed her. And in her terror she knew she had lost her voice. Then her feet were free, Ann flung them out of bed and at the same moment her right hand was dropped. Wide awake now she sprang to the window. Hilda's voice on the verge of tears brought her to. "What's the matter, Ann? Why are you up? Is something wrong?"

"Nothing, dear," Ann panted and stopped. "Just closing a window. In bed in a minute." Hilda sighed. "Isn't the smell wonderful," she said.

For Ann the night which followed was endless. She didn't dare go to sleep. She could not, without alarming Hilda, close the other windows, yet all three faced on the porch.

Somehow the night ended. And with a glorious sunrise Ann's spirits perceptibly rose. But when she went downstairs, she found something to disturb her. The back door was wide open, and—the top of a milk bottle had been driven in. Only half of its contents remained. Ann looked at it, strangely disturbed. An animal would surely have upset it. Only a human being, it seemed to her, could have done it and she was sure she had latched the door. Only someone from the inside could open it.

Breakfast over and Hilda on the front porch, Ann determined to explore the house. Slowly she threw open again the closed room. There was nothing alarming in there. In fact it was quite charming. Two closet doors faced her. Ann opened the first. It contained only books. With more courage she opened the second. Facing her was a great burlap roll jammed into a space between odds and ends. And right in front was a sign "SAVE ME OR I DIE."

And even as Ann looked, the thing moved. She sprang back just in time to avoid it as it slammed down into the room. Ann made a dive for the door and, quivering there, surveyed it. Something was in that bundle. There was an inward convulsion going on in it. It was flattening in places and bulging in others.

With trembling hands, and feet ready to flee she approached, stooped fearfully over it, and made herself undo the string. She touched the bundle—there was something firm inside. Something that jutted out like shoulders. Only common decency toward something in distress drove her to it. As Ann unrolled it, the bundle seemed to collapse still further and suddenly the burlap ended. Something white and shiny came to light. Before her lay the smashed pieces of a huge Japanese jar. The quivering had occurred when the pieces fell apart. Just then a shriek from Hilda sent her flying downstairs.

"Look, Ann, look," Hilda called excitedly. Walking into the house as if he owned it, was a huge, black crow and trailing from his foot a long, torn fragment of black wool and silk shawl. Ann and Hilda excitedly followed. He hopped contentedly (Continued on page 46)

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Shingle Shack

(Continued from page 45)

upstairs step by step into the forbidden room. Taking his stand on a chair back, he surveyed them suspiciously.

As Ann retraced her steps, Hilda chattering excitedly, Ann realized what had been in the room—it must have been that pet crow. And the apparition of the night in mid-air was the scarf which had caught in his claw. How simple and almost silly it seemed! Then her thoughts flew to the night. No, no such an explanation was possible for that hand in the dark!

But why had Jane Penhallow not wanted her to go into the forbidden room while she was in Bagdad and who had opened the door for the crow to go out?

Ann reached the porch and was immediately confronted by a stranger. "Well, well, well," said a voice. Ann looked up into the face of an apple-cheeked woman, with a mass of gypsy black hair, and clothes that were unmistakably of the best sports tweeds. "Now isn't it grand you're here. What a darling little girl. Why, I almost forgot to say, I'm Jane Penhallow."

There was an irresistible gaiety about the woman one could not help responding to. Ann smiled happily and Hilda chuckled. "I won't take off any door knobs," she said.

Jane Penhallow threw back her head and laughed heartily. "My dear, I suppose that sounded funny. It's a long story. You see, I had a nephew here once and that awful child took off the door knob of one of the pantries when I was inside, and then went off fishing, and I didn't get out for hours."

Ann managed to tell her she had opened the room and the crow was loose and of the fright he had given her.

Jane Penhallow was more amused than ever. "I might have known my command made of the room a Pandora's box," she teased. "I shouldn't laugh. I'm sure it was terrible. But I went off in such a hurry, I forgot about poor Devlin until I reached the post office. He's a tame crow, you know. I thought he might scare you so I put that in. I never did intend to stay with my brother in Bagdad more than a few hours. When he telephoned he was having appendicitis, I went off immediately."

There was still the broken vase to confess to, but Jane Penhallow didn't seem to mind a bit. "It was a gift," she made a face as she hurried on in her tempestuous speech, "and I loathed the thing."

Over a merry meal Ann inquired about

the signs. "They made me think that someone was imprisoned here," she explained.

Jane Penhallow for the first time looked serious. "My dear, I never thought of that angle. But I do hope you didn't destroy them. Such a time I had making them. Brother offered to help but he would insist on being facetious, such as the one 'SAVE ME OR I DIE.' He did that for the vase. He was always rather fond of it. You see, the signs were in case of fire. It's the way I was brought up. When your neighbors rush in, they can recognize the heirlooms instantly."

"I've kept the signs safe," said Ann, "along with the boots from the kitchen."

This time Jane Penhallow laughed long and loud. "My dear, I hope you don't mind, but your point of view is so refreshing. I'm afraid I have a funny nature. They're to keep the ants away. Most people use cups. But cups on the floor look so out of place and silly to me. Boots seemed appropriate to the legs. They were perfectly good and of no use—my brother and I had outgrown them years ago. I pour a little kerosene in them—when I think of it."

Finally Jane Penhallow made Devlin go through his tricks for Hilda. She showed them how he perched on the door knob and lifted the latch with his beak so that the door swung inward. And she warned them about the milk bottles. Devlin had a habit of punching covers in and helping himself.

But it wasn't till they were alone that Ann explained about the hand in the dark. Jane Penhallow almost shrieked, "My dear," she cried, "you've had a perfectly good burglar. He was in every house down below here last night. I was worried to death about you. I didn't like to say anything before the little girl. My dear, I do believe you scared him more than he scared you! Think of his seeing a white hand waving in the dark when he thought it was an empty house. But let's make sure. I dug up that garden under the porch only yesterday."

To Jane's relief there were footprints there, deep footprints as if a weight had landed with them.

When, a month later Ann was finishing a perfectly heavenly month with Jane Penhallow, a month so successful that Hilda was going to remain and spend the entire summer there, she was glad to reflect that the night of horror in "Shingle Shack" had contained at least the burglar. The rest had all been so reasonable when explained.

Ship A-hoydens!

(Continued from page 31)

her friends may ask her to sail or race.

All of these girls—from the two tiny redheads I saw sticking up over their life belts at Larchmont last summer when the youngsters went over the line twenty strong in the Wee Scott class, to the girls at the top of the heap—have one quality in common. They love sailing and think that nothing connected with it is work. They handle a bilge pump as readily as they would shake a powder puff. They take spray in the face, sit in the rain, get thoroughly drenched—and like it.

For whatever wind and water bring is part of a sport they love. When they sail

they wear colorful overalls, rubber-soled shoes that grip slippery decks, and either bobbed hair or caps to keep long hair from getting into their eyes.

Did I title this article "Ship A-hoydens"?

Well, that's wrong. For you ought to see these same girl sailors at the club after a day on the water. Shedding their salty overalls for the flowing gowns and slender slippers of evening dress, they look like girls out of fashion pages. With tanned faces and arms, and with a gleam of victory fresh in their eyes, they have the boys chasing after them on the dance floor just as they had the boys' boats chasing after theirs around the course.

OUR PUZZLE PACK



A Batch of Cookies

Many of our Girl Scout readers who are interested in cooking and preparing good things to eat, have been aided by excellent recipes and suggestions that have appeared in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*.

The busy girl shown in the puzzle picture this month is preparing a treat for some of her Girl Scout friends. Let us hope that her cookies will be more of a success than the illustration above, for, if we look closely, one mistake after another becomes evident. There are at least twelve of them in this picture. How many can you find?

Puzzle Pack Word Square

From the following definitions build up a five-letter word square:

1. Strength.
2. A musical drama.
3. Apply.
4. A helmet.
5. A planet.

By SHIRLEY OSTROW, Hartford, Connecticut.

A Charade

My first is in hail, but not in snow.
My second, in John, is also in Joe.
My third is in plants, but never in seeds.
My fourth, in Manchester, is also in Leeds.
My fifth is in games, but not in play.
My sixth is in night, but not in day.
My last is in twenty and never in twice.
My whole is something which makes people nice.

By JEAN W. HOLT, Old Greenwich, Connecticut.

Add a Letter

By adding one letter at the beginning of each of the following words, six new words will be formed. The six added letters spell the name of one of our Presidents.

1. Rust
2. Men
3. Earn
4. Ace
5. Range
6. Aid.

By DOROTHY THOMAS, Ansonia, Connecticut.

Enigma

I am a Girl Scout law of twenty-one letters.

My 2, 3, 20, 5 and 21 are the subscribers of this magazine.

My 8, 4, 18, 13 and 17 is a command.

My 12 and 14 is the opposite of far.

My 7, 9 and 10 is to sever.

My 6, 19 and 1 is the ocean.

My 11 and 15 is the Latin word for "bone."

My 16 is the fifteenth letter of the alphabet.

By MIRIAM GIFFIN, Washington, D. C.

Concealed Trees

The names of six trees are hidden in the following sentences:

1. Tracy pressed his trousers every day.
2. We tied a string to a knob and pulled.
3. The map lent to me is missing.
4. The ship in Ethel's Harbor was loaded and ready to sail.
5. The mantel made an excellent place for concealment.
6. We danced around the May Pole five times.

By MILDRED JACOB, Rochester, New York.

Word Jumping

By changing one letter in the word at a time, change DOLL into BABY in six moves.

By MARIANNE COBBE, Troop One, Lakewood, New York.

Ye Olde Time Riddle

Why should a fisherman be wealthy?

By ALICE GARREN, Jacksonville, Florida.

ANSWERS TO OUR LAST PUZZLES

THE RUMMAGE SALE: Objects—cake, kettle, leash, shoes, scale, ledger, geranium, umbrella, lamp. Words "overlap" to make CAKETTLEASHOESCALELEDGERANIUMBRELLAMP.

PUZZLE PACK Word Square:

C H E A T
H A L V E
E L L E N
A V E R T
T E N T S

A CHARADE: Longfellow.

ADD A LETTER: The nine added letters spell ARGENTINA.

CONCEALED PRESIDENTS: 1. Grant 2. Monroe 3. Jackson 4. Hayes 5. Harding 6. Adams 7. Garfield.

WORD JUMPING: Dog, hog, hag, rag, rat, cat.

YE OLDE TIME RIDDLE: The undertaker.



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Two Hobbies

Both Jane Angela D. Stevens and Jane Rinker have a great deal of fun with their hobbies and are eager to have AMERICAN GIRL readers know about them. But they are interested in hearing what other girls are doing, too. So if you have a fascinating hobby, write us about it and perhaps we can find room for it on this page.

THE sun gleamed down through the sparkling waters of Lake Michigan upon the gaily colored stones beneath its surface, and I stretched forth my hands in eager fascination for them.

And now, as I gaze at those strange stones I think with awe of the stories some may contain.

There are two fragments of lava no larger than my fist that date back long before the glacial period.

There is a small oval stone with a skull of a prehistoric lizard imbedded in it. Its colors are red and green and contrast strongly against the deathly whiteness of the head.

Next is a flat white stone with the center hollowed out that was used by the Indians for grinding small amounts of corn. With this is a bone shaped stone used to pound the corn.

There is a dull red stone with three distinct white circles in it. Probably a mystic stone—carried as a talisman by some early redman.

There is a small white stone covered with tiny dots, which are in reality the housing of tiny sea animals.

There is a dull gray stone which, when it is submerged in water, turns to a bright orange.

Several small blue, green, red, purple and yellow stones complete the collection—just one of the great wonders of nature and her many wise ways of preserving history.

By JANE ANGELA D. STEVENS
Narberth, Pennsylvania

MY HOBBY is a queer one. At least other girls would probably think so. It's building! It all started when I was a little tot, at Dad's office. There is a workshop in back, so when I was there I nailed four boards together and put a piece of bent cardboard over the top for a doll house. I had a lot of fun, and that's what put my hobby into my head.

This summer I am planning to make a village such as you often see along the state road. There is to be a grocery, candy and meat market and other stores. They will all be in a square. There will also be a library, post office and bank. The residential district will be four main streets branching from the four sides of the square. There will be quite a few white bungalows, with a few stone and log colonial houses. The railroad station will be in the lower right hand corner, the pond in the upper right hand corner, and the golf course in the upper right.

I hope to get the craftsman badge for this work, as I am a second class Girl Scout. But "Rome was not built in a day."

By JANE RINKER
Evanston, Illinois



Join the Goodrich ARCHERY CONTEST

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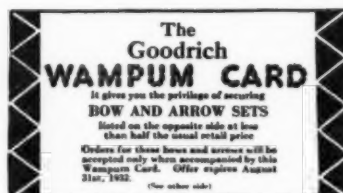
Here is a marvelous opportunity for every girl and boy to learn the exciting sport of Archery—and win a valuable prize too! Follow the directions in the free "Goodrich Archery Book" and you will soon be an archer! Any Goodrich Shoe dealer will give you both book and contest rules. Don't delay—the more you practice, the better chance to win!

In archery, as in other sports, the shoes you wear are important to success. The B. F. Goodrich Company designs many canvas sport shoes especially for girls. On the left you will see a popular Goodrich shoe—the Bryn Mawr. This shoe fits your foot neatly and is so comfortable to wear that it adds greatly to your speed of foot and endurance in games. Ask to see it—and other Goodrich Sport Shoes—when you go to the dealer to enter the Goodrich Archery Contest!

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THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

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MARGARET MOCHRIE • EDITOR

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WHO'S WHO IN THIS ISSUE

MARY PONTON GARDNER. Mrs. Gardner, who has made the illustrations for the Bender stories, says she "went to the dogs," not because she wanted to specialize in drawing animals but because, after publishers had seen a few dogs she had done, they insisted on giving her books about dogs to illustrate. She has a gift for catching and putting on paper amazing expressions on dogs' and cats' faces. Notice the slyly humorous look in Bender's one eye on page fourteen. Mrs. Gardner is a Canadian by birth. She studied at the Art Students League and has illustrated several books. She is making the pictures for our new serial, *Girl Wanted*, by Josephine Daskam Bacon, which will begin next month. Then you will see how charmingly she draws girls.



EDWARD POUCHER. He needs no introduction to our readers. This month's cover is not the first of his work to appear in the magazine. He once said that illustrating an *AMERICAN GIRL* story was more fun than opening

Christmas packages. Mr. Poucher has done drawings for advertisements as well as for many well-known women's magazines. And he, together with Mrs. Starrett and Miss McMein will judge the new poster contest announced on page 32.

HENRIETTA MCCAIG STARRETT. Mrs. Starrett, illustrator of *Face West*, is another of our artists whose work you have probably seen in adult magazines. When we asked her to tell us a few things about herself she wrote: "Aside from the fact that I was born in Brooklyn,



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educated at a convent in Chatham, Ontario by the Ursulines, went to the School of Industrial Art in Philadelphia, have worked at drawing for nearly twenty years, starting in at fashion drawings and gradually getting into *The Saturday Evening Post* where I hope to stay, there isn't much to say. My hobby is collecting dolls. I have a Girl Scout in the family."

ROBB BEEBE. The illustrator of *The Famous Friend* and many other *AMERICAN GIRL* stories—among them the popular serial, *The House With the Cross-Eyed Windows*—modestly—or neglectfully—refrained from telling us anything about himself when he mailed us his picture. His only comment was: "Here's me and my Connecticut weed

ranch. The mountain behind me isn't mine. It belongs to a broker." We know, however, that Mr. Beebe, if he hasn't got a mountain, is the father of three children as attractive as the ones he draws.



NEXT MONTH! Besides the first chapters of the new serial, by Josephine Daskam Bacon, the July issue will bring you a new Scatter camp story, a story of an American girl in Holland by Adèle de Leeuw, and an article by Olive McCormick all about games that can be played in the water.

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